MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

10

JULY NO. 65

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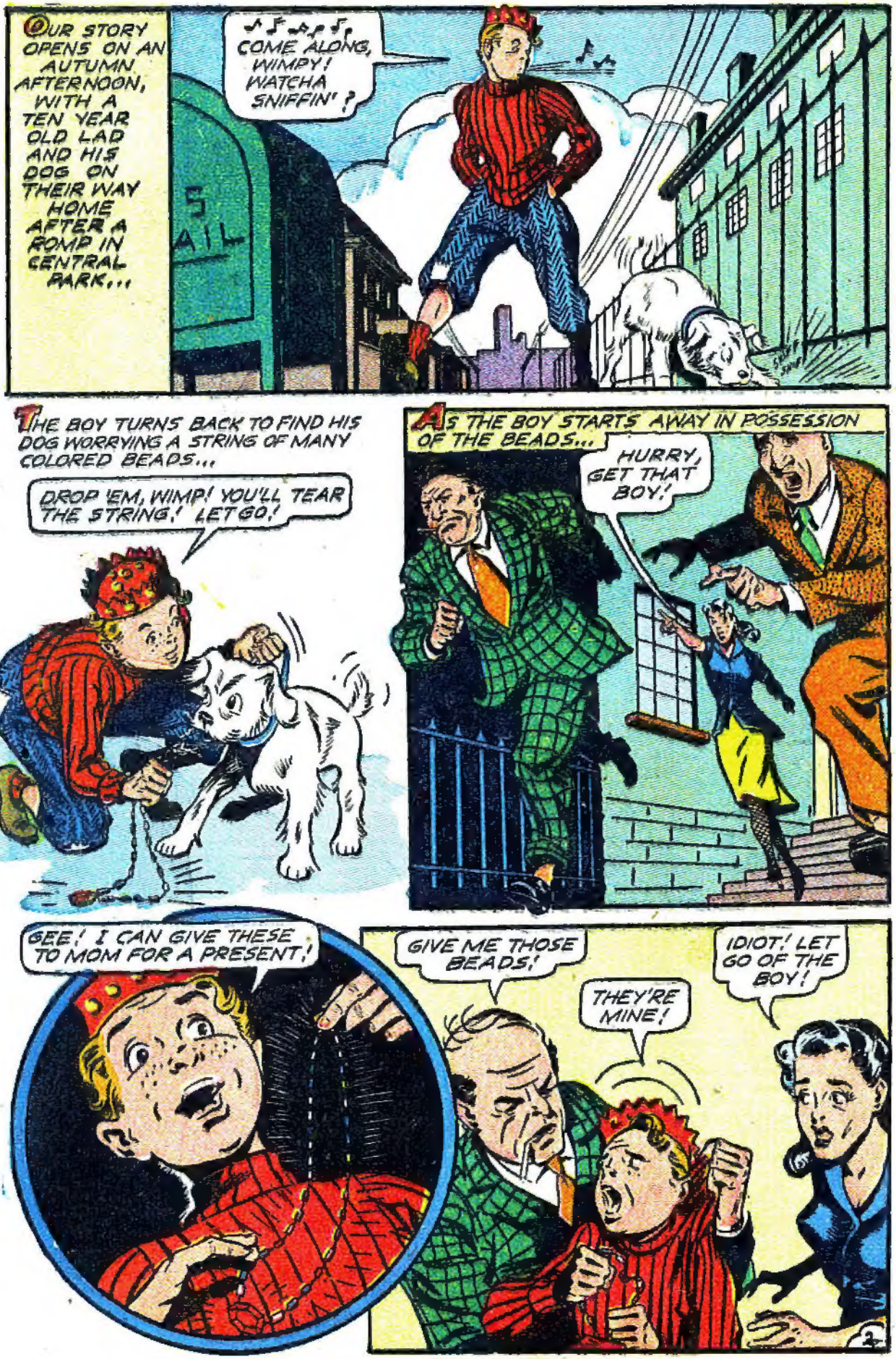
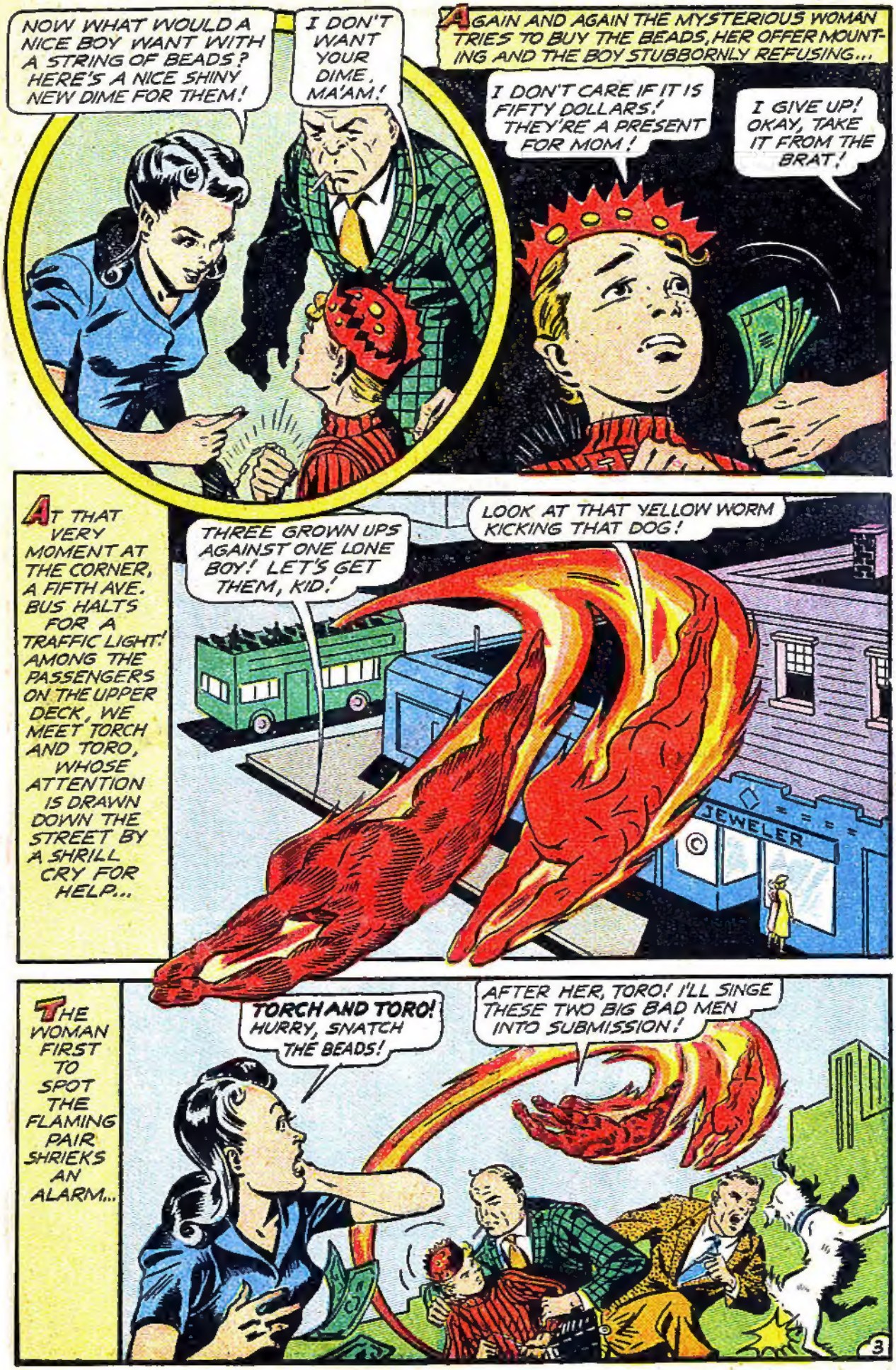
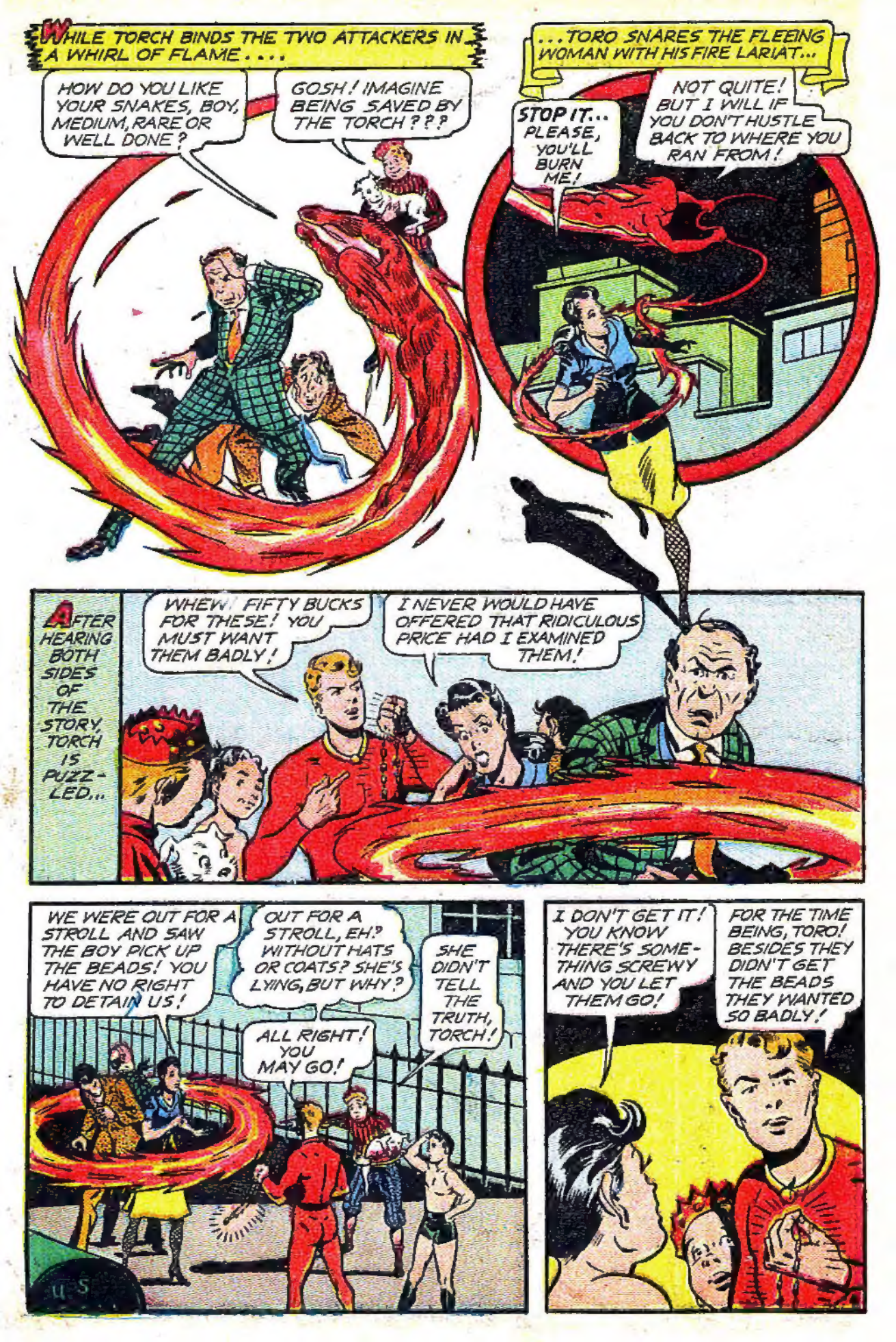
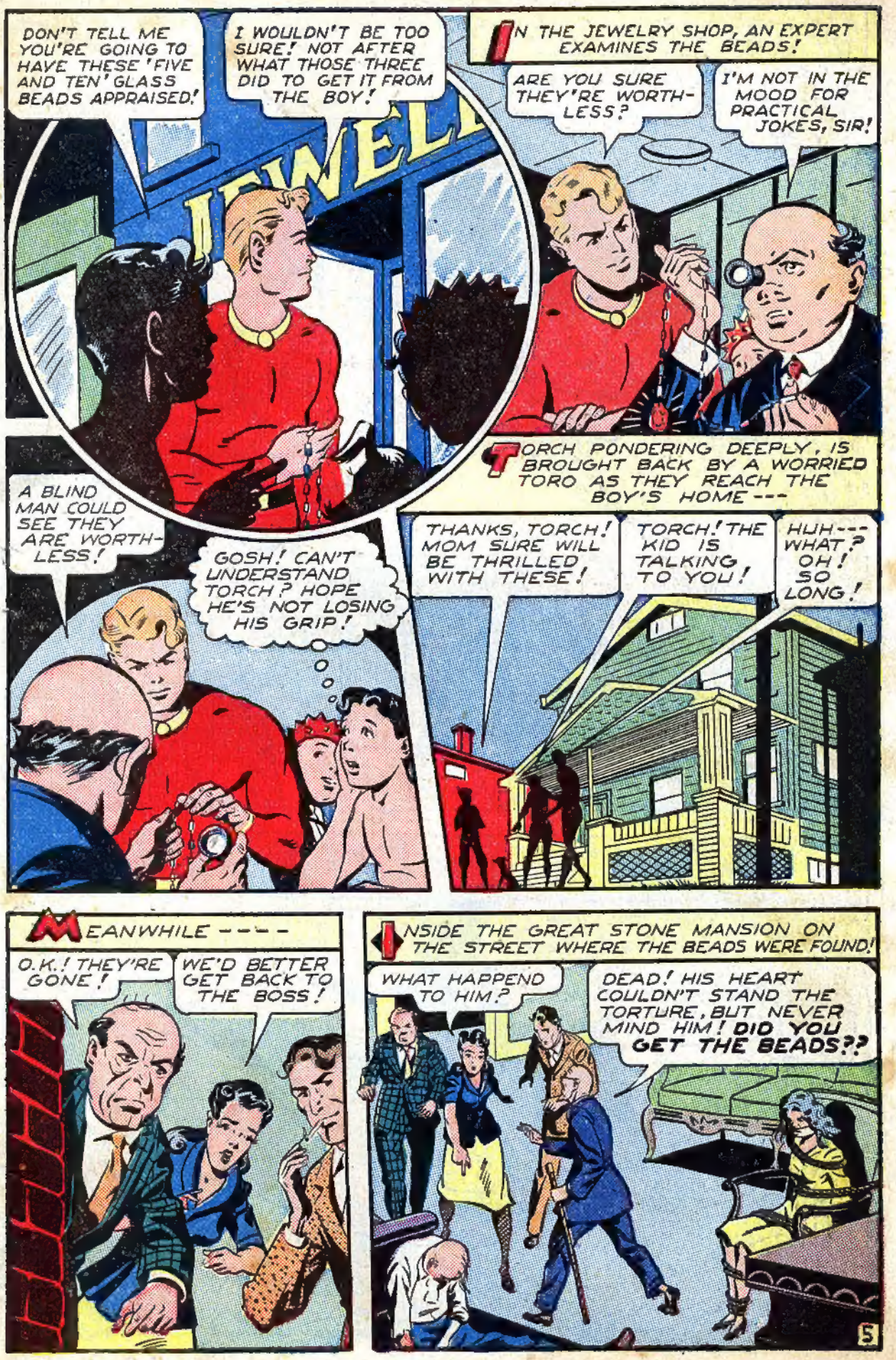
ROBBERY, TORTURE, MURDER! AND ALL BECAUSE OF A FIFTY CENT STRING OF GLASS BEADS... ON ONE SIDE A CLEVER CRIMINAL GENIUS AND HIS BAND OF KILLERS! ON THE OTHER, TORCH AND TORO, WAGING A THRILL PACKED BATTLE FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE MYSTERIOUS AND LETHAL BAUBLES... IN THE... CASE OF THE

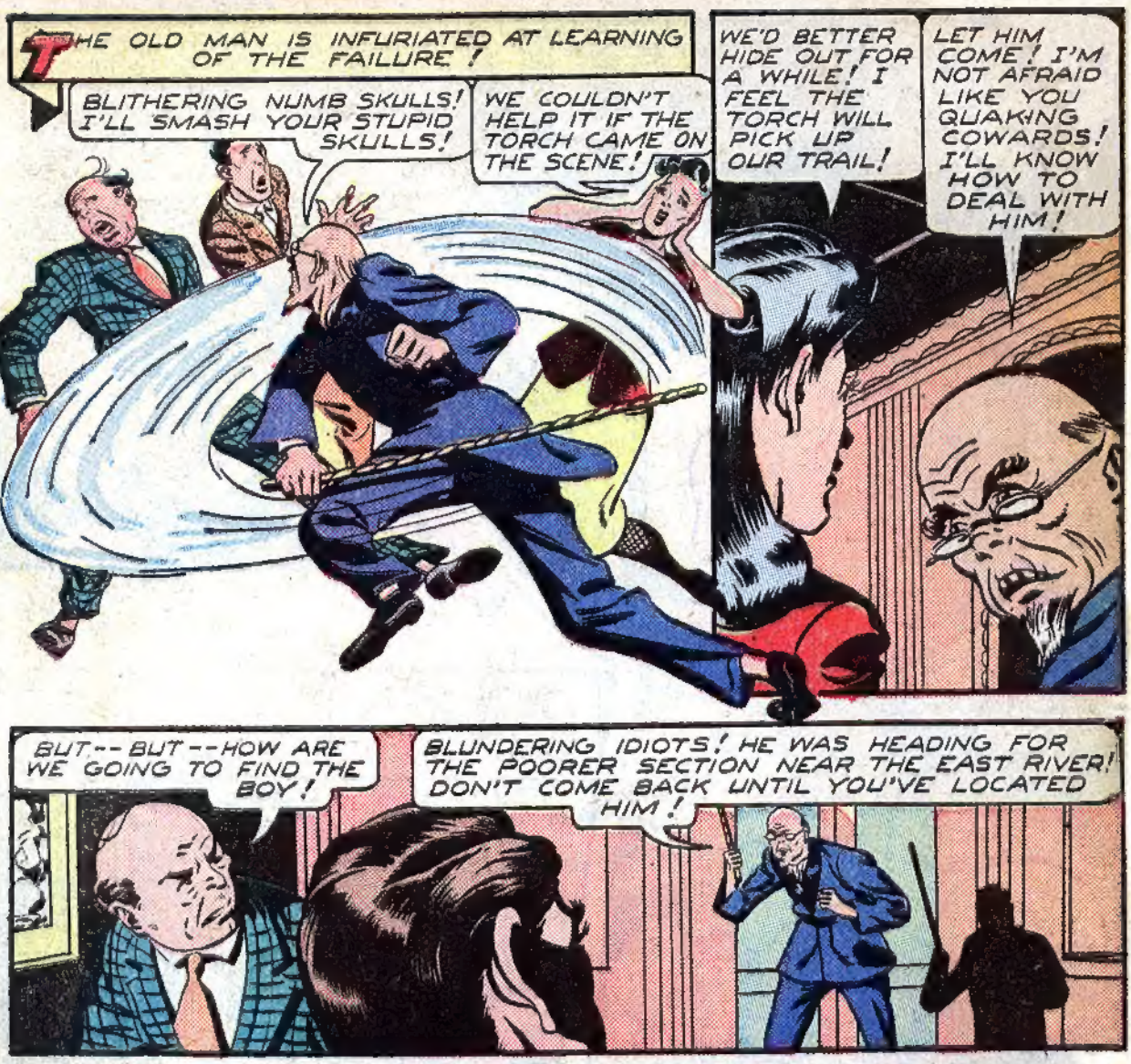
"WORTHLESS BEADS"


OUR STORY OPENS ON AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON, WITH A TEN YEAR OLD LAD AND HIS DOG ON THEIR WAY HOME AFTER A ROMP IN CENTRAL PARK...
COME ALONG, WIMPY! WATCHA SNIFFIN'?
THE BOY TURNS BACK TO FIND HIS DOG WORRYING A STRING OF MANY COLORED BEADS...
DROP 'EM, WIMP! YOU'LL TEAR THE STRING! LET GO!
AS THE BOY STARTS AWAY IN POSSESSION OF THE BEADS...
HURRY, GET THAT BOY!
GEE! I CAN GIVE THESE TO MOM FOR A PRESENT!
GIVE ME THOSE BEADS!
THEY'RE MINE!
IDIOT! LET GO OF THE BOY!

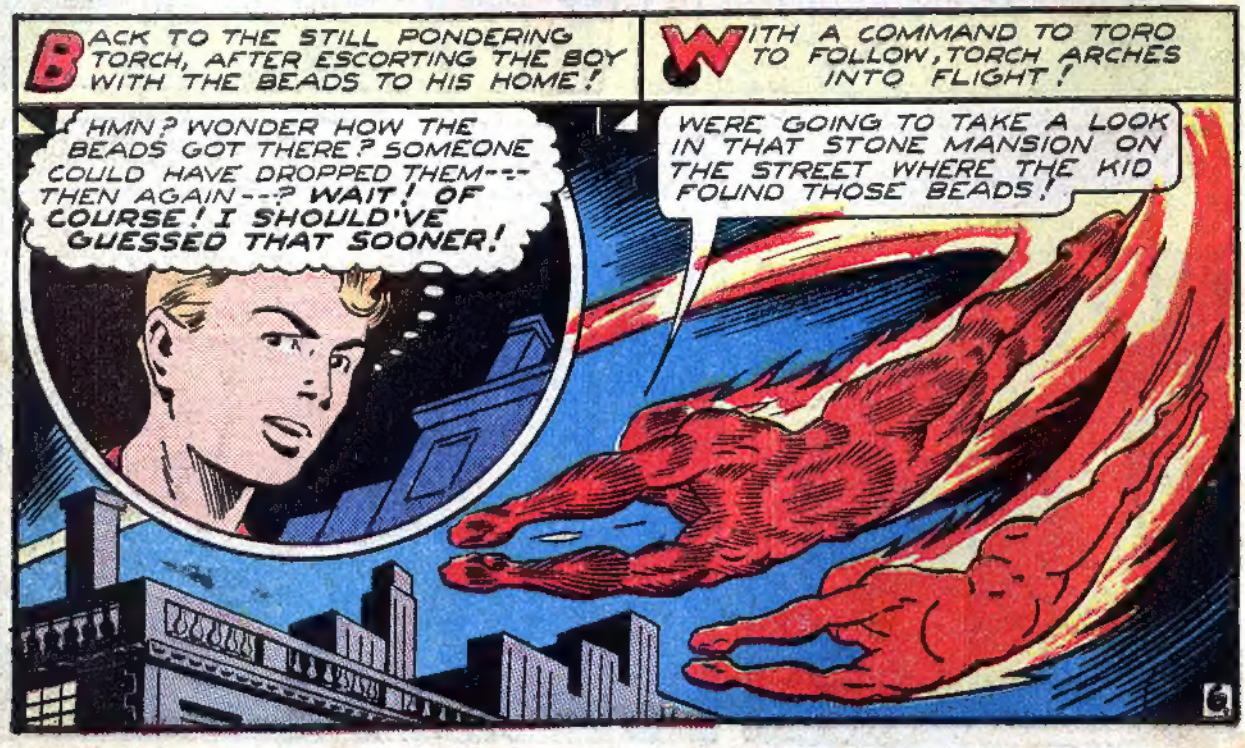

NOW WHAT WOULD A NICE BOY WANT WITH A STRING OF BEADS? HERE'S A NICE SHINY NEW DIME FOR THEM!
I DON'T WANT YOUR DIME, MA'AM!
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN TRIES TO BUY THE BEADS, HER OFFER MOUNTING AND THE BOY STUBBORNLY REFUSING...
I DON'T CARE IF IT IS FIFTY DOLLARS! THEY'RE A PRESENT FOR MOM!
I GIVE UP! OKAY, TAKE IT FROM THE BRAT!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT AT THE CORNER, A FIFTH AVE. BUS HALTS FOR A TRAFFIC LIGHT! AMONG THE PASSENGERS ON THE UPPER DECK, WE MEET TORCH AND TORO, WHOSE ATTENTION IS DRAWN DOWN THE STREET BY A SHRILL CRY FOR HELP...
THREE GROWN UPS AGAINST ONE LONE BOY! LET'S GET THEM, KID!
LOOK AT THAT YELLOW WORM KICKING THAT DOG!
JEWELER
THE WOMAN FIRST TO SPOT THE FLAMING PAIR SHRIEKS AN ALARM...
TORCH AND TORO! HURRY, SNATCH THE BEADS!
AFTER HER, TORO! I'LL SINGE THESE TWO BIG BAD MEN INTO SUBMISSION!
3

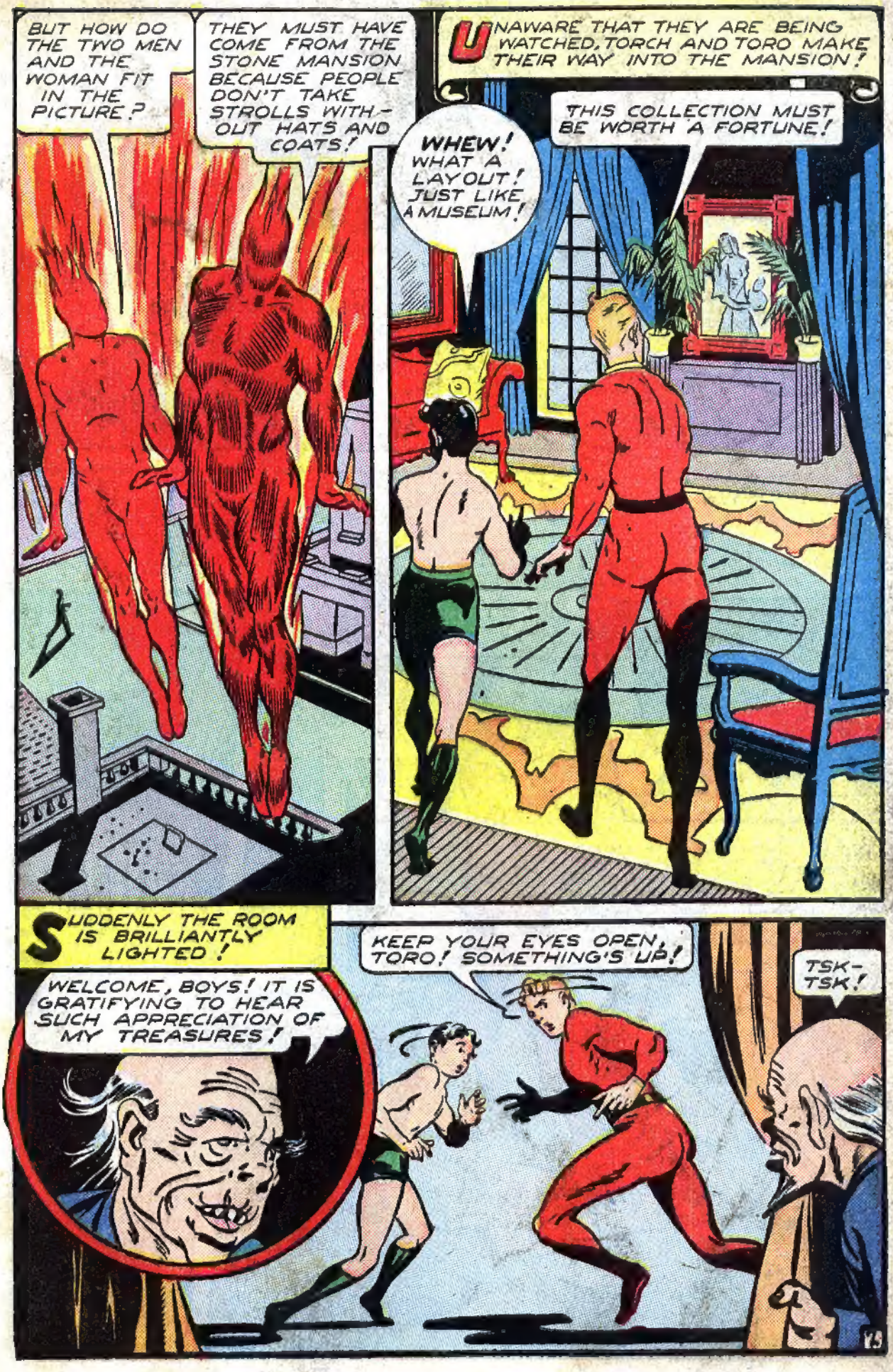

WHILE TORCH BINDS THE TWO ATTACKERS IN A WHIRL OF FLAME . . .
HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR SNAKES, BOY, MEDIUM, RARE OR WELL DONE?
GOSH! IMAGINE BEING SAVED BY THE TORCH???
. . . TORO SNARES THE FLEEING WOMAN WITH HIS FIRE LARIAT . . .
STOP IT . . . PLEASE, YOU'LL BURN ME!
NOT QUITE! BUT I WILL IF YOU DON'T HUSTLE BACK TO WHERE YOU RAN FROM!
AFTER HEARING BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY, TORCH IS PUZZLED . .
WHEW! FIFTY BUCKS FOR THESE! YOU MUST WANT THEM BADLY!
I NEVER WOULD HAVE OFFERED THAT RIDICULOUS PRICE HAD I EXAMINED THEM!
WE WERE OUT FOR A STROLL AND SAW THE BOY PICK UP THE BEADS! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO DETAIN US!
OUT FOR A STROLL, EH? WITHOUT HATS OR COATS? SHE'S LYING, BUT WHY?
SHE DIDN'T TELL THE TRUTH, TORCH!
ALL RIGHT! YOU MAY GO!
I DON'T GET IT! YOU KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY AND YOU LET THEM GO!
FOR THE TIME BEING, TORO! BESIDES THEY DIDN'T GET THE BEADS THEY WANTED SO BADLY!

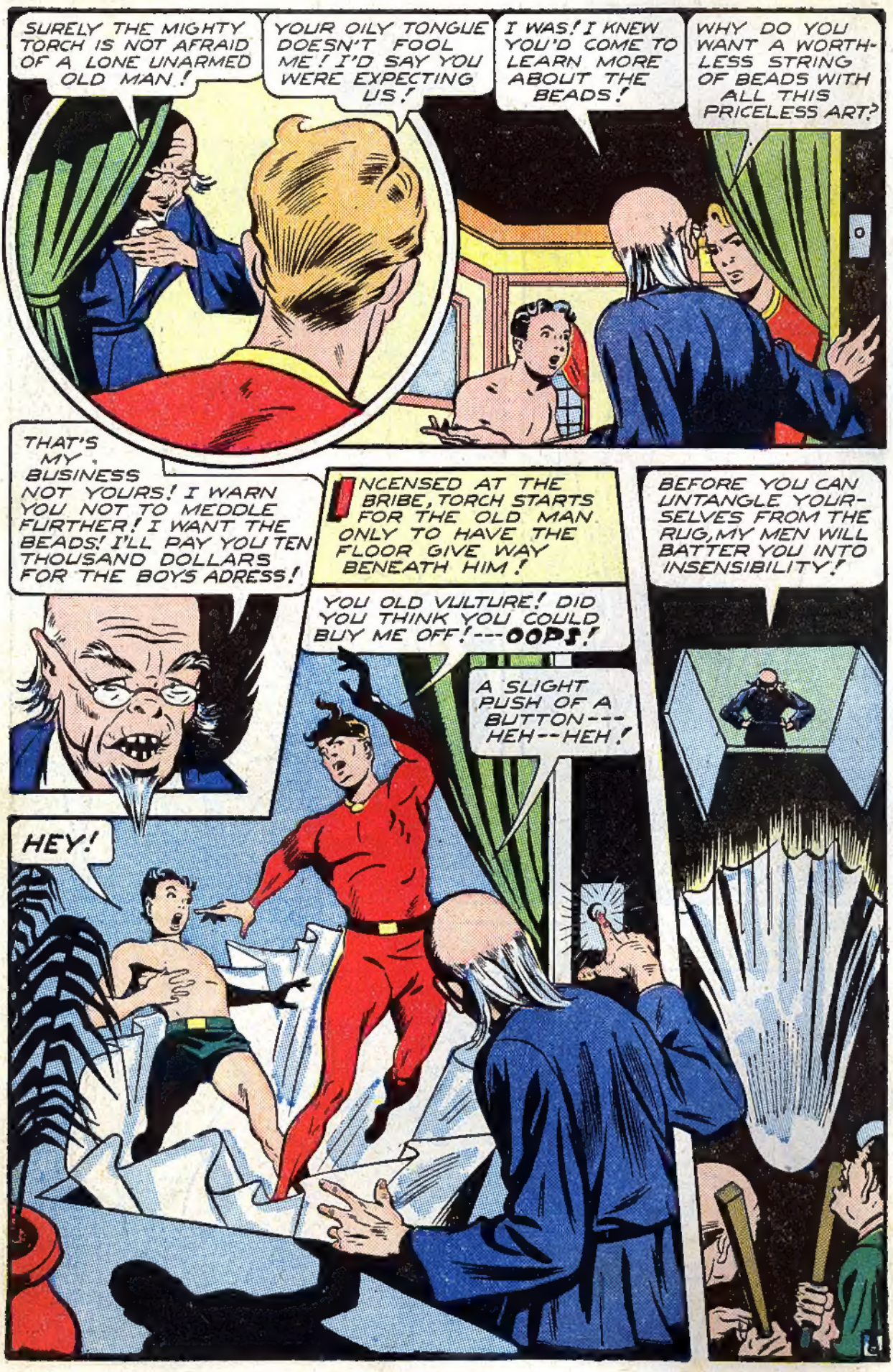

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE THESE 'FIVE AND TEN' GLASS BEADS APPRAISED!
I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE! NOT AFTER WHAT THOSE THREE DID TO GET IT FROM THE BOY!
IN THE JEWELRY SHOP, AN EXPERT EXAMINES THE BEADS!
ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE WORTHLESS?
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR PRACTICAL JOKES, SIR!
TORCH PONDERING DEEPLY, IS BROUGHT BACK BY A WORRIED TORO AS THEY REACH THE BOY'S HOME ---
A BLIND MAN COULD SEE THEY ARE WORTHLESS!
GOSH! CAN'T UNDERSTAND TORCH? HOPE HE'S NOT LOSING HIS GRIP!
THANKS, TORCH! MOM SURE WILL BE THRILLED WITH THESE!
TORCH! THE KID IS TALKING TO YOU!
HUH--- WHAT? OH! SO LONG!
MEANWHILE ----
O.K.! THEY'RE GONE!
WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE BOSS!
AHHH
INSIDE THE GREAT STONE MANSION ON THE STREET WHERE THE BEADS WERE FOUND!
WHAT HAPPEND TO HIM?
DEAD! HIS HEART COULDN'T STAND THE TORTURE, BUT NEVER MIND HIM! DID YOU GET THE BEADS??
5

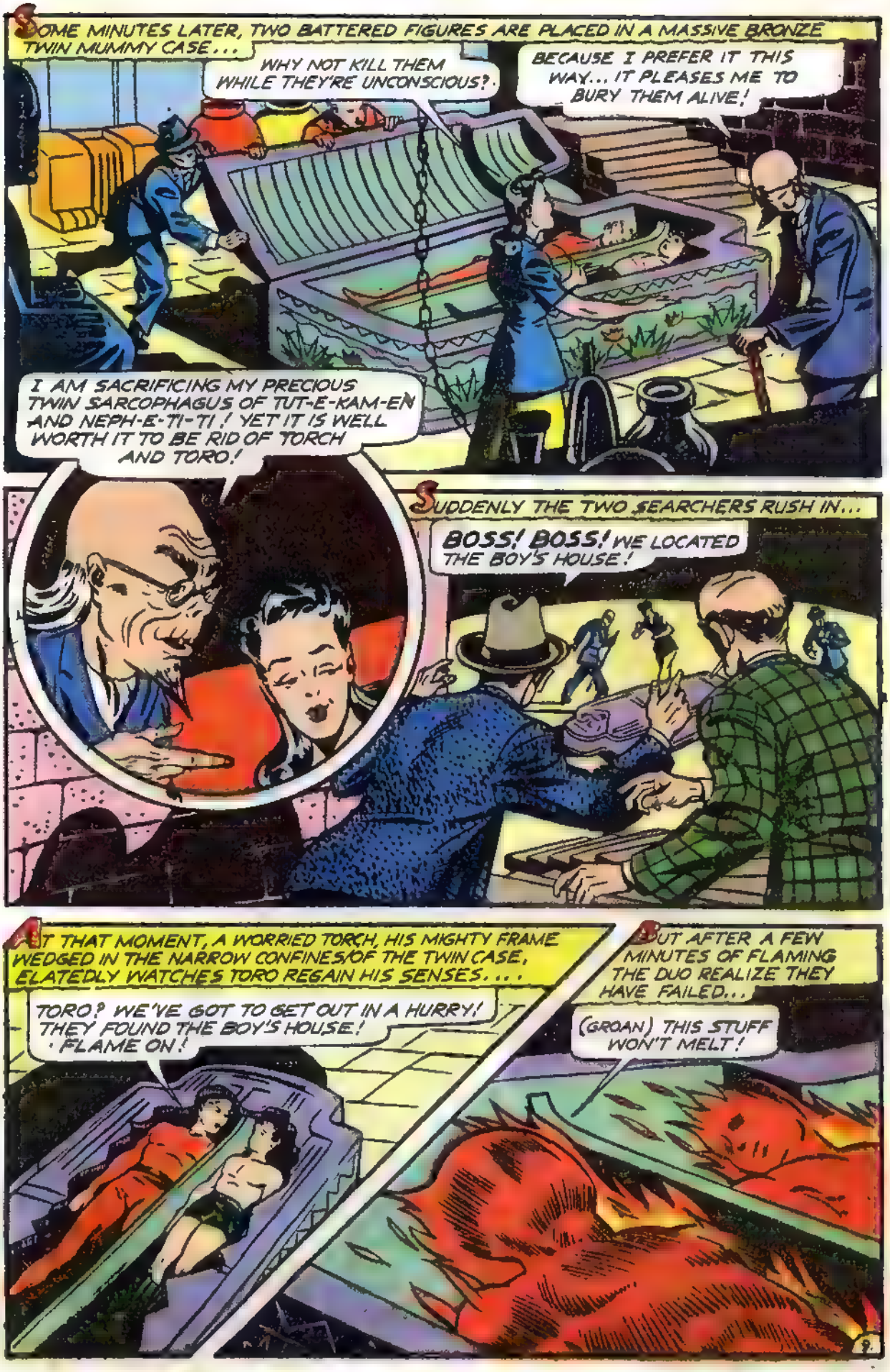

THE OLD MAN IS INFURIATED AT LEARNING OF THE FAILURE!
BLITHERING NUMB SKULLS! I'LL SMASH YOUR STUPID SKULLS!
WE COULDN'T HELP IT IF THE TORCH CAME ON THE SCENE!
WE'D BETTER HIDE OUT FOR A WHILE! I FEEL THE TORCH WILL PICK UP OUR TRAIL!
LET HIM COME! I'M NOT AFRAID LIKE YOU QUAKING COWARDS! I'LL KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HIM!

BUT--BUT--HOW ARE WE GOING TO FIND THE BOY!
BLUNDERING IDIOTS! HE WAS HEADING FOR THE POORER SECTION NEAR THE EAST RIVER! DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU'VE LOCATED HIM!


BACK TO THE STILL PONDERING TORCH, AFTER ESCORTING THE BOY WITH THE BEADS TO HIS HOME!
WITH A COMMAND TO TORO TO FOLLOW, TORCH ARCHES INTO FLIGHT!
HMN? WONDER HOW THE BEADS GOT THERE? SOMEONE COULD HAVE DROPPED THEM--THEN AGAIN--? WAIT! OF COURSE! I SHOULD'VE GUESSED THAT SOONER!
WERE GOING TO TAKE A LOOK IN THAT STONE MANSION ON THE STREET WHERE THE KID FOUND THOSE BEADS!


BUT HOW DO THE TWO MEN AND THE WOMAN FIT IN THE PICTURE?
THEY MUST HAVE COME FROM THE STONE MANSION BECAUSE PEOPLE DON'T TAKE STROLLS WITHOUT HATS AND COATS!
UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE BEING WATCHED, TORCH AND TORO MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE MANSION!
WHEW! WHAT A LAYOUT! JUST LIKE A MUSEUM!
THIS COLLECTION MUST BE WORTH A FORTUNE!
SUDDENLY THE ROOM IS BRILLIANTLY LIGHTED!
WELCOME, BOYS! IT IS GRATIFYING TO HEAR SUCH APPRECIATION OF MY TREASURES!
KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN, TORO! SOMETHING'S UP!
TSK-TSK!


SURELY THE MIGHTY TORCH IS NOT AFRAID OF A LONE UNARMED OLD MAN!
YOUR OILY TONGUE DOESN'T FOOL ME! I'D SAY YOU WERE EXPECTING US!
I WAS! I KNEW YOU'D COME TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE BEADS!
WHY DO YOU WANT A WORTHLESS STRING OF BEADS WITH ALL THIS PRICELESS ART?
THAT'S MY BUSINESS NOT YOURS! I WARN YOU NOT TO MEDDLE FURTHER! I WANT THE BEADS! I'LL PAY YOU TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR THE BOYS ADRESS!
INCENSED AT THE BRIBE, TORCH STARTS FOR THE OLD MAN ONLY TO HAVE THE FLOOR GIVE WAY BENEATH HIM!
BEFORE YOU CAN UNTANGLE YOURSELVES FROM THE RUG, MY MEN WILL BATTER YOU INTO INSENSIBILITY!
YOU OLD VULTURE! DID YOU THINK YOU COULD BUY ME OFF!---OOPS!
A SLIGHT PUSH OF A BUTTON---HEH--HEH!
HEY!


SOME MINUTES LATER, TWO BATTERED FIGURES ARE PLACED IN A MASSIVE BRONZE TWIN MUMMY CASE...
WHY NOT KILL THEM WHILE THEY'RE UNCONSCIOUS?
BECAUSE I PREFER IT THIS WAY... IT PLEASES ME TO BURY THEM ALIVE!
I AM SACRIFICING MY PRECIOUS TWIN SARCOPHAGUS OF TUT-E-KAM-EN AND NEPH-E-TI-TI! YET IT IS WELL WORTH IT TO BE RID OF TORCH AND TORO!
SUDDENLY THE TWO SEARCHERS RUSH IN...
BOSS! BOSS! WE LOCATED THE BOY'S HOUSE!
AT THAT MOMENT, A WORRIED TORCH, HIS MIGHTY FRAME WEDGED IN THE NARROW CONFINES OF THE TWIN CASE, ELATEDLY WATCHES TORO REGAIN HIS SENSES....
TORO? WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT IN A HURRY! THEY FOUND THE BOY'S HOUSE! FLAME ON!
BUT AFTER A FEW MINUTES OF FLAMING THE DUO REALIZE THEY HAVE FAILED...
(GROAN) THIS STUFF WON'T MELT!

THE ANSWER COMES FROM THE GLOATING OLD MAN WHO HEARS TORCH'S MUFFLED EXCLAMATION....

HEH! HEH! DID YOU THINK I WAS STUPID ENOUGH TO OVER LOOK YOUR FLAMING POWER! THE CASE IS LINED WITH ASBESTOS!

AS NIGHT FALLS THE MASSIVE TWIN CASE IS LOADED ON A TRUCK INSIDE THE GROUNDS OF THE MANSION...

DUMP IT OFF THE DESERTED PIER! THE REST ARE OFF TO THE BOY'S HOUSE TO GET THE BEADS!

A DESPERATE TORCH RACKS HIS BRAIN AS THE LURCHING TRUCK SPEEDS TOWARD THE PIER...

(GROAN) I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT THEY'LL DO TO THAT KID!

HE'LL NEVER GIVE THEM THE BEADS!

SUDDENLY, TORCH'S SEETHING MIND LEAPS TO A THOUGHT...

(GULP) THE ASBESTOS LINING IS STILL GLOWING RED HOT!

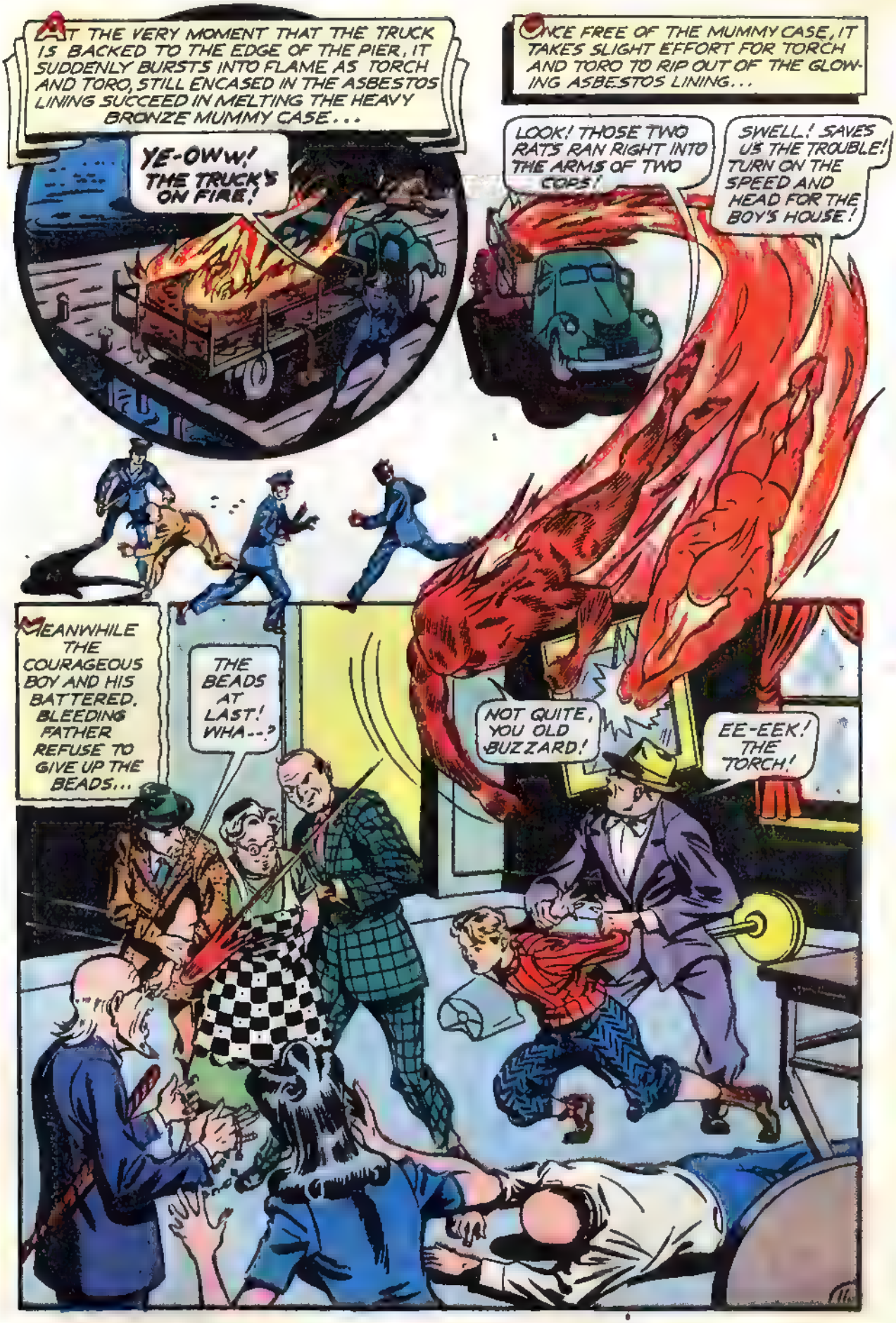
TRIUMPHANTLY TORCH SHOUTS THE ORDER TO FLAME...

BUT WE TRIED AND THE STUFF WON'T MELT! IT'S ASBESTOS!

TRUE! IT WON'T MELT BUT IT WILL CONDUCT HEAT! AND IF WE CAN FLAME STRONG ENOUGH THE RED HOT ASBESTOS WILL MELT THE BRONZE COVERING!

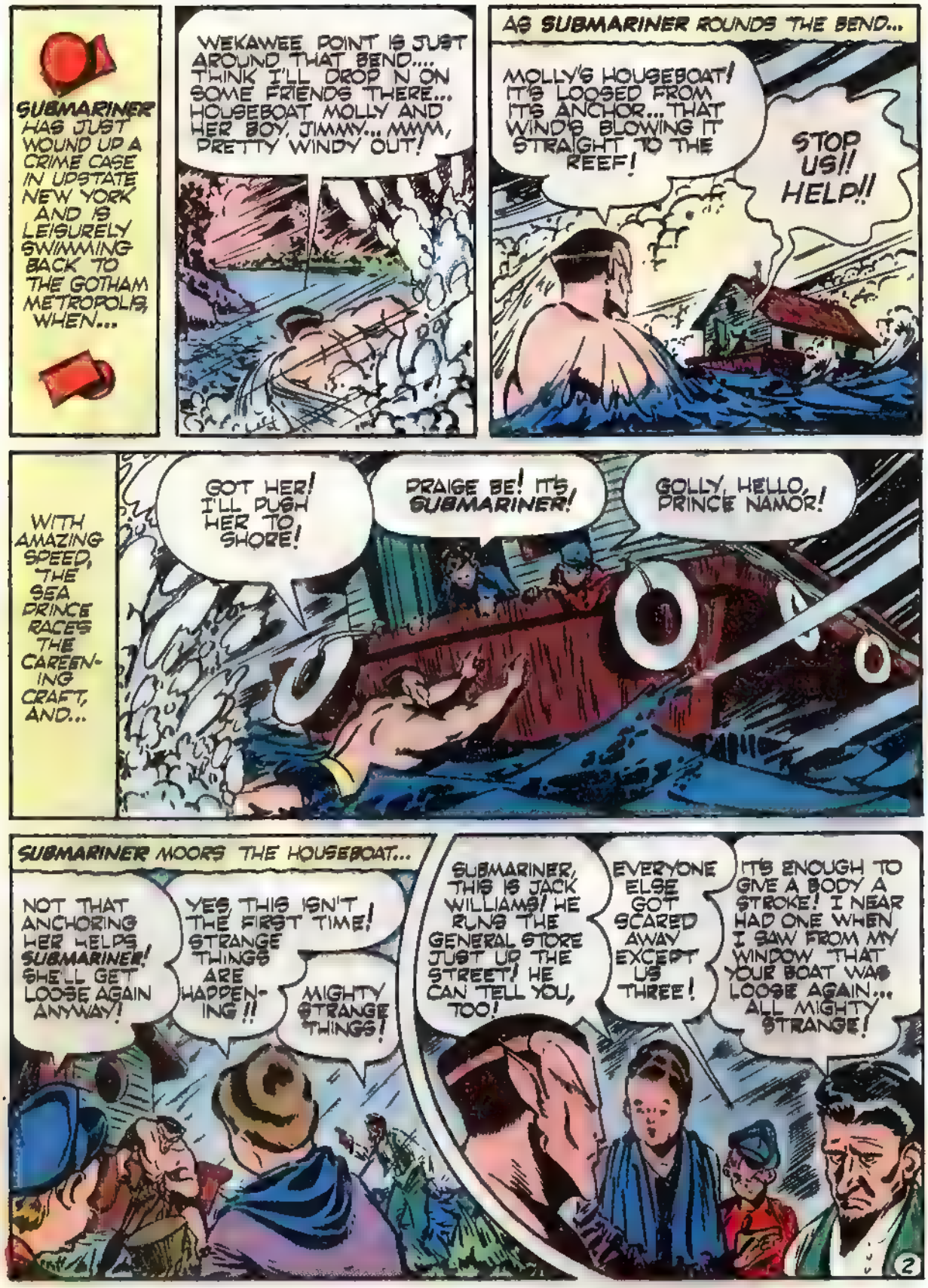
WITH AN EFFORT GREATER THAN BEFORE, TORCH AND TORO LITERALLY SIZZLE IN THEIR TOMB...

KEEP IT UP, KID! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

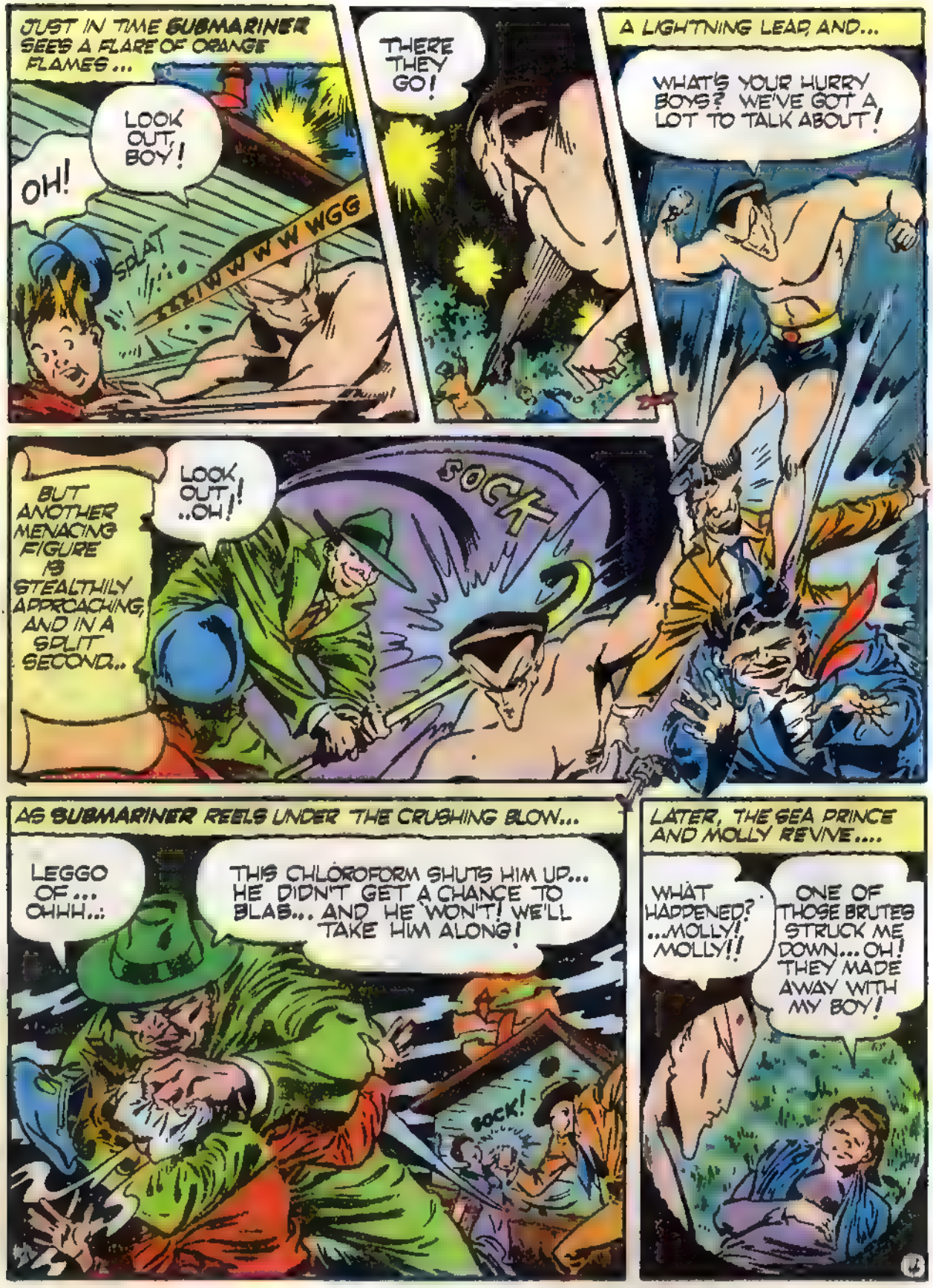

AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT THE TRUCK IS BACKED TO THE EDGE OF THE PIER, IT SUDDENLY BURSTS INTO FLAME AS TORCH AND TORO, STILL ENCASED IN THE ASBESTOS LINING SUCCEED IN MELTING THE HEAVY BRONZE MUMMY CASE...
YE-OWW! THE TRUCK'S ON FIRE!
ONCE FREE OF THE MUMMY CASE, IT TAKES SLIGHT EFFORT FOR TORCH AND TORO TO RIP OUT OF THE GLOWING ASBESTOS LINING...
LOOK! THOSE TWO RATS RAN RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF TWO COPS!
SWELL! SAVES US THE TROUBLE! TURN ON THE SPEED AND HEAD FOR THE BOY'S HOUSE!
MEANWHILE THE COURAGEOUS BOY AND HIS BATTERED, BLEEDING FATHER REFUSE TO GIVE UP THE BEADS...
THE BEADS AT LAST! WHA--?
NOT QUITE, YOU OLD BUZZARD!
EE-EEK! THE TORCH!

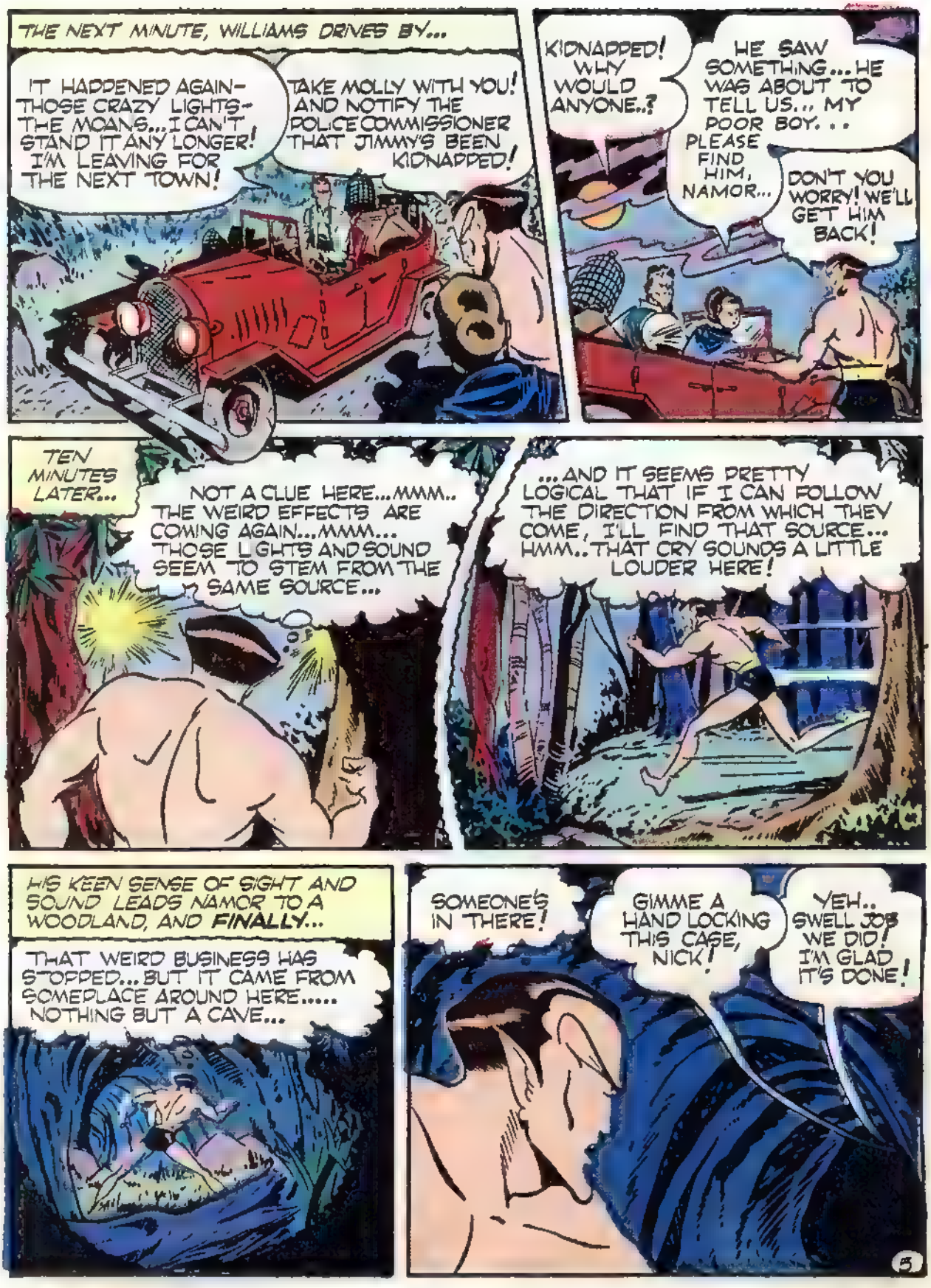
THE DAZED OLD MAN AND HIS THUGS ARE NO MATCH FOR THE SWIFT FLAMING POWER OF TORCH AND TORO, AND IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, TWO FLAMING SPIRALS ENVELOPE THE TERRIFIED OLD MAN AND HIS QUAKING COHORTS...
YEOW!
OUCH!
OKAY! CALL THE POLICE! WE'LL KEEP THEM SIZZLING UNTIL THEY ARRIVE!
SOMETIME LATER, THE BEADS ARE TURNED OVER TO THEIR REAL OWNER...
GOSH! YOU GAVE THE BOY A THOUSAND DOLLARS! NOW I'M SURE THEY'RE NOT WORTHLESS!
YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG, TORCH! IF YOU'LL GET ME A KNIFE, I'LL SHOW YOU WHY!
GOSH! IT WAS COVERED WITH PAINT!
IT IS THE FAMOUS NILE SAPPHIRE! IT BELONGED TO MY POOR DEAD FATHER!
SO THE OLD MAN TRIED TO BUY THE NILE SAPPHIRE?
YES! FATHER BELIEVED HIM SINCERE! BUT DIDN'T TRUST HIM AND STRUNG THE SAPPHIRE AMONG THE CHEAP BEADS AFTER COATING IT WITH PAINT!
BUT HOW DID THE OLD MAN KNOW IT WAS ON THE BEADS?
THEY TORTURED MY FATHER AND HE TOLD! WHEN THEY CAME AT ME, I THREW THE BEADS OUT THE WINDOW WHERE THE BOY FOUND THEM!
THE END

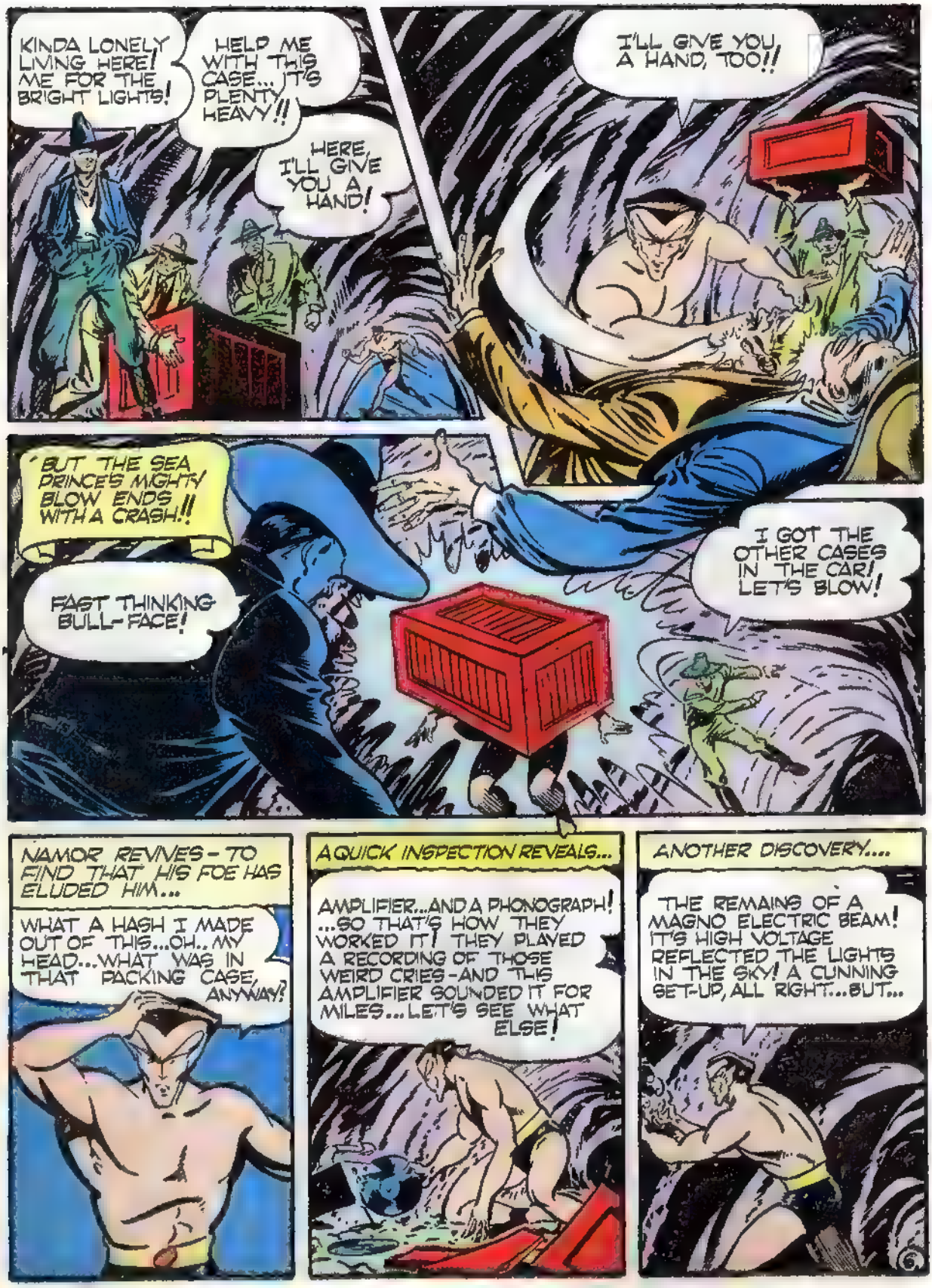
SUB-MARINER
SPLAT!
TERROR STRIKES A TOWN-AND PITS SUBMARINER INTO THE MOST BAFFLING CASE OF HIS EXCITING CAREER-AGAINST VICIOUS KILLERS WHOSE RUTHLESS CODE THAT DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES TURNS IT'S DEADLY BARRAGE ON
"THE BOY WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

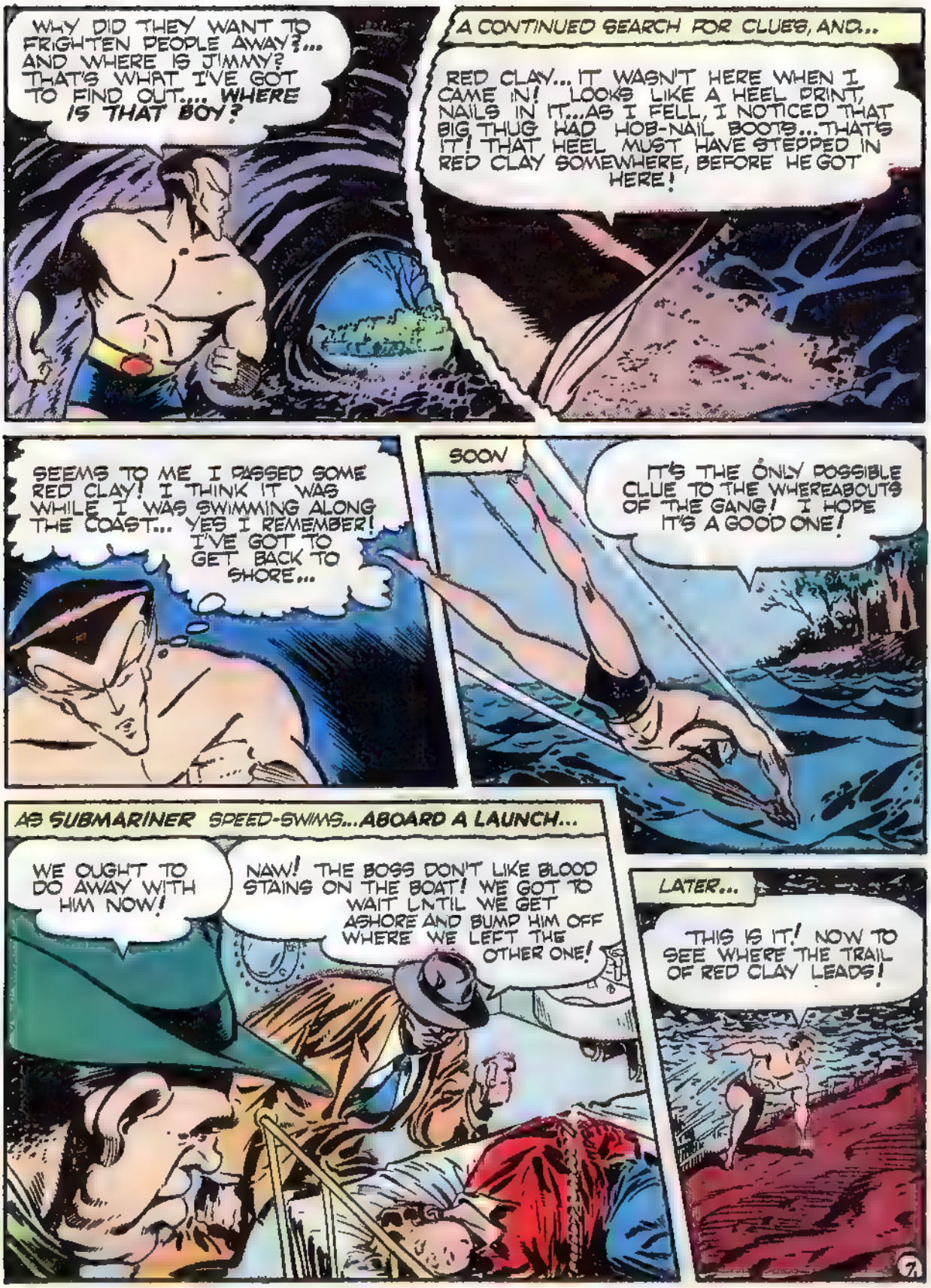

SUBMARINER HAS JUST WOUND UP A CRIME CASE IN UPSTATE NEW YORK AND IS LEISURELY SWIMMING BACK TO THE GOTHAM METROPOLIS, WHEN...
WEKAWEE POINT IS JUST AROUND THAT BEND.... THINK I'LL DROP N ON SOME FRIENDS THERE... HOUSEBOAT MOLLY AND HER BOY, JIMMY... MMM, PRETTY WINDY OUT!
AS SUBMARINER ROUNDS THE BEND...
MOLLY'S HOUSEBOAT! IT'S LOOSED FROM IT'S ANCHOR... THAT WIND'S BLOWING IT STRAIGHT TO THE REEF!
STOP US!! HELP!!
WITH AMAZING SPEED, THE SEA PRINCE RACES THE CAREEN-ING CRAFT, AND...
GOT HER! I'LL PUSH HER TO SHORE!
PRAISE BE! IT'S SUBMARINER!
GOLLY, HELLO, PRINCE NAMOR!
SUBMARINER MOORS THE HOUSEBOAT...
NOT THAT ANCHORING HER HELPS, SUBMARINER! SHE'LL GET LOOSE AGAIN ANYWAY!
YES, THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME! STRANGE THINGS ARE HAPPEN-ING!!
MIGHTY STRANGE THINGS!
SUBMARINER, THIS IS JACK WILLIAMS! HE RUNS THE GENERAL STORE JUST UP THE STREET! HE CAN TELL YOU, TOO!
EVERYONE ELSE GOT SCARED AWAY EXCEPT US THREE!
IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE A BODY A STROKE! I NEAR HAD ONE WHEN I SAW FROM MY WINDOW THAT YOUR BOAT WAS LOOSE AGAIN... ALL MIGHTY STRANGE!
2

IF THINGS KEEP ON LIKE THIS, I'M 'FRAID I CAN'T STAY MUCH LONGER!
NO ONE'S GOING TO DRIVE ME OUT...BUT I DO WISH JIMMY'D GO TO HIS AUNT UNTIL THE DANGER IS PAST!
WHAT OTHER STRANGE THINGS HAPPEN?
IT'S BEYOND DESCRIBING! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT UNLESS YOU SAW IT YOURSELF! ....IT HAPPENS AT NIGHT!
GOLLY, MAYBE SUBMARINER COULD STAY TONIGHT AND SEE FOR HIMSELF!
I AM GOING TO STAY!
THAT NIGHT...
ELEVEN O'CLOCK- AND SO FAR SO GOOD!
I'LL WATCH ON THE OTHER SIDE! GOSH, IM GLAD MOM GOT ME THESE BINOCULARS FOR CHRISTMAS!
MINUTES PASS, THEN...
IT'S STARTING! THOSE FLASHING LIGHTS...
MOANS LIKE A WOMAN!! GHASTLY!
OOHOOHOO
OUH'OHHHOOOOO
AS THE PAIR REACH AN EXCITED JIMMY...
WHAT'S THE MATTER, JIMMY?
I JUST SAW A...
YEARS AGO A WOMAN WAS MURDERED HERE! MOST FOLKS THINK IT'S HER GHOST THAT'S.... OH, JIMMY'S CALLING!
MOM! SUBMARINER! COME QUICK!
3


JUST IN TIME SUBMARINER SEES A FLARE OF ORANGE FLAMES...
LOOK OUT, BOY!
OH!
SPLAT
WWWWWGG
THERE THEY GO!
A LIGHTNING LEAP AND...
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY BOYS? WE'VE GOT A LOT TO TALK ABOUT!
BUT ANOTHER MENACING FIGURE IS STEALTHILY APPROACHING, AND IN A SPLIT SECOND...
LOOK OUT ..OH!
SOCK
AS SUBMARINER REELS UNDER THE CRUSHING BLOW...
LEGGO OF... OHHH...
THIS CHLOROFORM SHUTS HIM UP... HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO BLAB... AND HE WON'T! WE'LL TAKE HIM ALONG!
SOCK!
LATER, THE SEA PRINCE AND MOLLY REVIVE....
WHAT HAPPENED? ...MOLLY! MOLLY!!
ONE OF THOSE BRUTES STRUCK ME DOWN... OH! THEY MADE AWAY WITH MY BOY!


THE NEXT MINUTE, WILLIAMS DRIVES BY...
IT HAPPENED AGAIN— THOSE CRAZY LIGHTS— THE MOANS...I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'M LEAVING FOR THE NEXT TOWN!
TAKE MOLLY WITH YOU! AND NOTIFY THE POLICE COMMISSIONER THAT JIMMY'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!
KIDNAPPED! WHY WOULD ANYONE..?
HE SAW SOMETHING... HE WAS ABOUT TO TELL US.., MY POOR BOY. . .
PLEASE FIND HIM, NAMOR...
DON'T YOU WORRY! WE'LL GET HIM BACK!
TEN MINUTES LATER...
NOT A CLUE HERE...MMM.. THE WEIRD EFFECTS ARE COMING AGAIN...MMM... THOSE LIGHTS AND SOUND SEEM TO STEM FROM THE SAME SOURCE...
...AND IT SEEMS PRETTY LOGICAL THAT IF I CAN FOLLOW THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THEY COME, I'LL FIND THAT SOURCE... HMM..THAT CRY SOUNDS A LITTLE LOUDER HERE!
HIS KEEN SENSE OF SIGHT AND SOUND LEADS NAMOR TO A WOODLAND, AND FINALLY...
THAT WEIRD BUSINESS HAS STOPPED...BUT IT CAME FROM SOMEPLACE AROUND HERE..... NOTHING BUT A CAVE...
SOMEONE'S IN THERE!
GIMME A HAND LOCKING THIS CASE, NICK!
YEH.. SWELL JOB WE DID! I'M GLAD IT'S DONE!
5


KINDA LONELY LIVING HERE! ME FOR THE BRIGHT LIGHTS!
HELP ME WITH THIS CASE... IT'S PLENTY HEAVY!!
HERE, I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND!
I'LL GIVE YOU A HAND, TOO!!
"BUT THE SEA PRINCE'S MIGHTY BLOW ENDS WITH A CRASH!!
FAST THINKING BULL-FACE!
I GOT THE OTHER CASES IN THE CAR! LET'S BLOW!
NAMOR REVIVES - TO FIND THAT HIS FOE HAS ELUDED HIM...
WHAT A HASH I MADE OUT OF THIS...OH.. MY HEAD...WHAT WAS IN THAT PACKING CASE, ANYWAY?
A QUICK INSPECTION REVEALS...
AMPLIFIER...AND A PHONOGRAPH! ...SO THAT'S HOW THEY WORKED IT! THEY PLAYED A RECORDING OF THOSE WEIRD CRIES-AND THIS AMPLIFIER SOUNDED IT FOR MILES... LET'S SEE WHAT ELSE!
ANOTHER DISCOVERY....
THE REMAINS OF A MAGNO ELECTRIC BEAM! IT'S HIGH VOLTAGE REFLECTED THE LIGHTS IN THE SKY! A CUNNING SET-UP, ALL RIGHT...BUT...

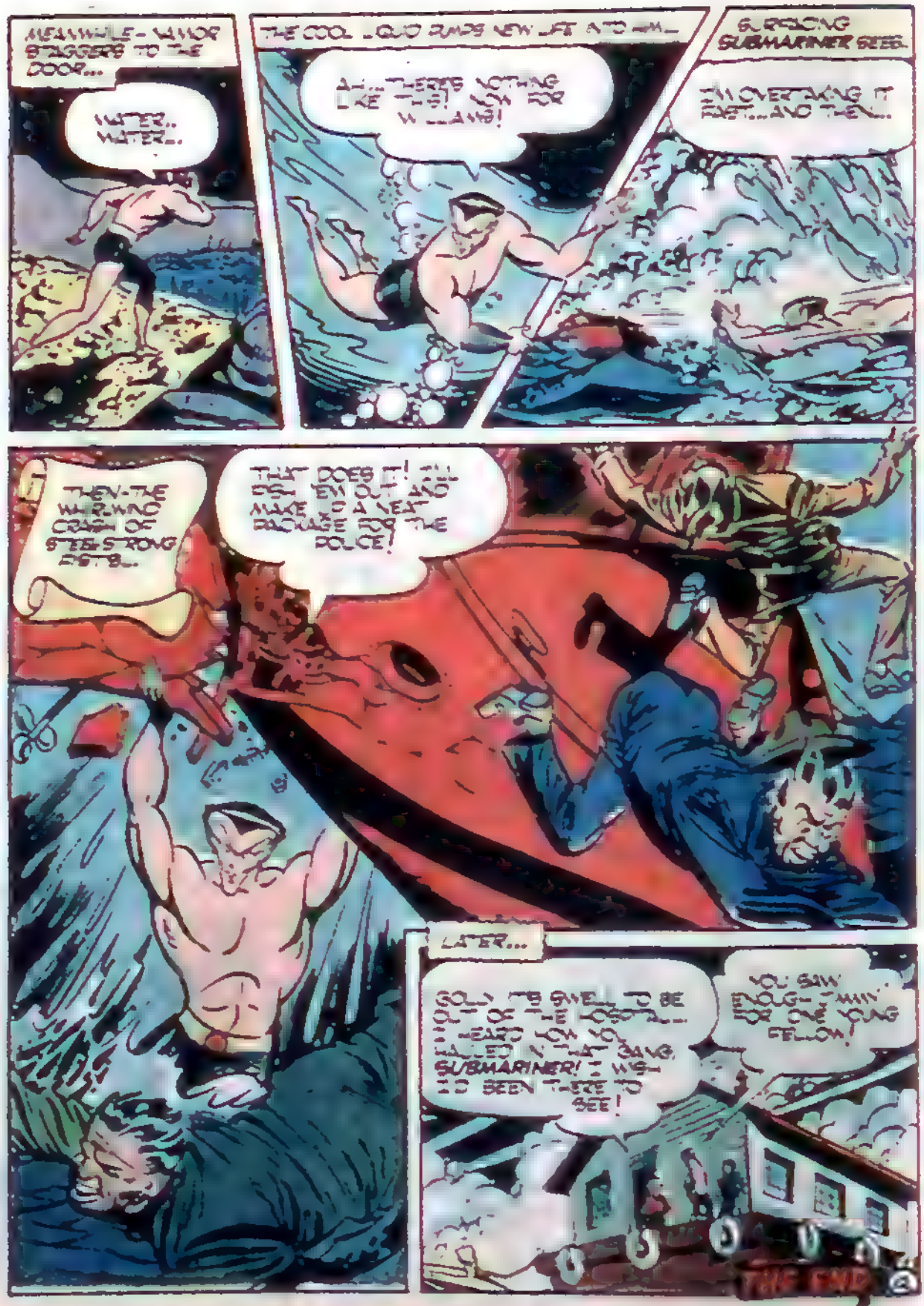

WHY DID THEY WANT TO FRIGHTEN PEOPLE AWAY?... AND WHERE IS JIMMY? THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT... WHERE IS THAT BOY?
A CONTINUED SEARCH FOR CLUES, AND...
RED CLAY... IT WASN'T HERE WHEN I CAME IN! LOOKS LIKE A HEEL PRINT, NAILS IN IT...AS I FELL, I NOTICED THAT BIG THUG HAD HOB-NAIL BOOTS...THAT'S IT! THAT HEEL MUST HAVE STEPPED IN RED CLAY SOMEWHERE, BEFORE HE GOT HERE!
SEEMS TO ME I PASSED SOME RED CLAY! I THINK IT WAS WHILE I WAS SWIMMING ALONG THE COAST... YES I REMEMBER! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO SHORE...
SOON
IT'S THE ONLY POSSIBLE CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE GANG! I HOPE IT'S A GOOD ONE!
AS SUBMARINER SPEED-SWIMS...ABOARD A LAUNCH...
WE OUGHT TO DO AWAY WITH HIM NOW!
NAW! THE BOSS DON'T LIKE BLOOD STAINS ON THE BOAT! WE GOT TO WAIT UNTIL WE GET ASHORE AND BUMP HIM OFF WHERE WE LEFT THE OTHER ONE!
LATER...
THIS IS IT! NOW TO SEE WHERE THE TRAIL OF RED CLAY LEADS!

IT LEADS TO A PIT—AND ANOTHER DISCOVERY...
JUMPING JELLYFISH! A MAN STABBED TO DEATH!..... I'M CLIMBING DOWN!
NAMOR SCARCELY BEGINS HIS DESCENT, WHEN VOICES ANNOUNCE NEW ARRIVALS...
THIS IS FAR ENOUGH!
WE'LL DO THE JOB HERE!
SOUNDS LIKE THOSE THUGS! I'M CLIMBING UP!
HE'S COMING TO! HA,HA, AIN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD!
JIMMY!
I'VE BEEN ITCHING FOR THIS!
OW!
SUDDENLY!
THIS IS YOUR FINISH, WATER BOY...
DOWN YOU GO!
BANG!
SMACK

BUT A STRAY BULLET FINDS IT'S MARK....
OHHH!
IT GOT JIMMY!
ZINNGG
AS SUBMARINER IS CAUGHT OFF-GUARD....
CRASH
AND THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU!
THE KID'S DONE FOR! LET'S BEAT IT!
ANOTHER ROUND LOST? PERHAPS THERE IS STILL HOPE....
THEY GOT AWAY! JIMMY'S ALIVE! I MUST GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL!
TWO HOURS LATER - IN THE GLENFIELD GENERAL HOSPITAL!
HE'S STILL IN A COMA! IF THERE WAS ONLY SOME WORD!
NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE HAPPENED, COMMISSIONER, IF YOU HAD INVESTIGATED WHEN THE STRANGE GOINGS-ON WERE FIRST REPORTED TO YOU!
I THOUGHT SOMEONE WAS PULLING MY LEG!
A HALF HOUR MORE - AND...
JIMMY'S COME TO! HE'S TALKING... ASKING FOR YOU! HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!
THANK THE LORD! TAKE ME TO MY BOY!
SAY, THAT'S GREAT NEWS!
SUBMARINER, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
FINDING OUT THE IDENTITY OF A MURDERED MAN BY TRACING A LAUNDRY MARK IN HIS SHIRT! THE MAN WAS CYRUS LOGAN, A MINING ENGINEER!
WONDER WHY HE WAS KILLED? ...AND WHAT'S JIMMY'S GOT TO TELL?

SOON AFTER...
...AND THROUGH MY BINOCULARS I SAW A MAN KNIFING ANOTHER ON A HILLTOP, AND I COULD SEE 'EM CLEAR, WITH MY BINOCS!
DID YOU SEE WHAT THE MURDERER LOOKED LIKE?
HE WAS HUMPBACK AND HAD KIND OF A BIG HEAD!
HUMP...BIG HEAD... WHY, THAT'S DWARFY- AN EX-CONVICT WHO LIVES IN A SHACK A MILE DOWN THE SHORE!
THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!
I'VE GOT TO CORNER THAT RAT AND MAKE HIM SQUEAL!
AT THE EX-CONVICT'S SHACK...
TUMBLING TUNA! HE'S BEEN MURDERED!
AS SUBMARINER STARTS OUT...
THE BODY'S STILL WARM... THAT MEANS.. OH, OH...
WHERE IS HE?
DID HE GET AWAY?
DWARFY MURDERED, EH? THAT'S TOO BAD! ...THAT MEANS THE TRAIL HAS ENDED!
NOT AT ALL! DWARFY'S DEATH HAS TOLD ME WHO THE MURDER CHIEF OF THAT GANG IS... HE'S ONE OF YOU TWO!

ONE OF YOU JUST HAVE BROKEN PAROLE AND KILLED A FEDERAL OFFICER... BUT ONE OF THEM HAS BEEN DEAD A COUPLE OF MINUTES...
WELL, I AIN'T THE ONE!
YOU DON'T THINK I'...
I KNOW THAT COMMISSIONER! IF YOU WERE GUILTY YOU WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN OUT DIMITRI'S DESCRIPTION SO READILY! WILLIAMS, YOU'RE IT!
NO!
YES, TALK FAST, OR...
DON'T ... I'LL TALK... LOGAN AND I DISCOVERED VALUABLE ORE DEPOSITS AT WEALWEE - WORTH A FORTUNE - ON GOVERNMENT PROPERTY! WE DROVE EVERYONE OUT OF TOWN, SO WE COULD MINE IT WITHOUT BEING FOUND OUT...
THEN I FOUND OUT THAT LOGAN WAS PLANNING TO CHEAT ME - I PAID DWARFY TO BUMP HIM OFF... AND I HAD BULL-FACE BUMP OFF DWARFY - BUT YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME!
THESE GAS FUMES OUGHT TO HOLD YOU! I'M CLEARING OUT!
COUGH... COUGH...
CHOKE... CHOKE...
YOU GUYS ARE JUST IN TIME! WE GOT TO GET AWAY QUICK!
THE COPS! YOU BLUNDERING IDIOT!

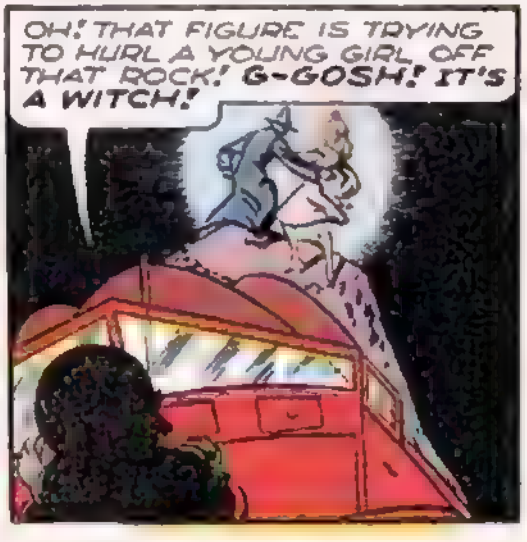

MEANWHILE - WINOR STAGGERS TO THE DOOR...
WATER.. WATER..
THE COOL LIQUID GIVES NEW LIFE TO HIM...
AH... THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THIS! NOW FOR WILLIAMS!
SPEEDING SUBMARINER SEES...
I'M OVERTAKING IT FAST... AND THEN...
THEN-THE WHIRLWIND CRASH OF STEEL-STRONG FISTS...
THAT DOES IT! I'LL FISH 'EM OUT AND MAKE UP A NEAT PACKAGE FOR THE POLICE!
LATER...
SOLLY'S GIVEN TO BE OUT OF THE HOSPITAL... I HEARD HOW HE HELPED NAB THAT GANG. SUBMARINER! I WISH I'D BEEN THERE TO SEE!
YOU SAW ENOUGH FOR ONE YOUNG FELLOW!
THE END

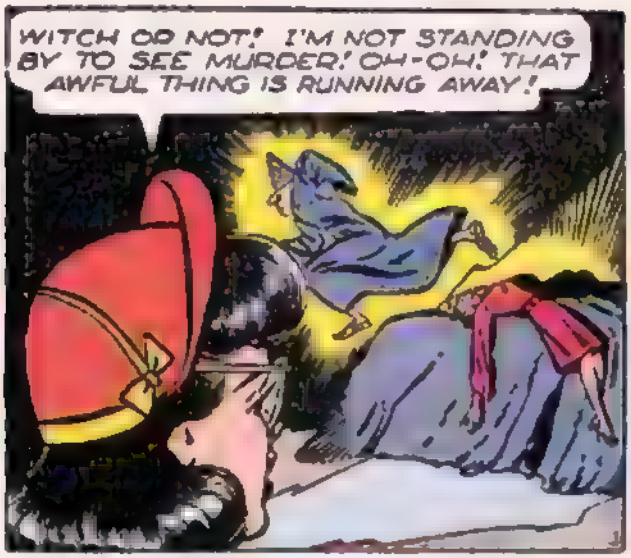
Miss
AMERICA
MODERN CIVILIZATION TAKES NO STOCK IN THE FANTASTIC TALES OF WITCHES AND WITCHLORE, OR THE WEIRD AND MYSTERIOUS DOINGS OF THESE LEGENDARY EVIL DOERS! AND EVEN MORE SKEPTICAL IS A MERE SLIP OF A GIRL, MADELINE JOYCE, WHO IN HER CRIME FIGHTING ROLE OF MISS AMERICA ENCOUNTERS A SPINE CHILLING ADVENTURE WHEN SHE UNEARTHS THE---
"CLUE of WITCH'S ROCK"

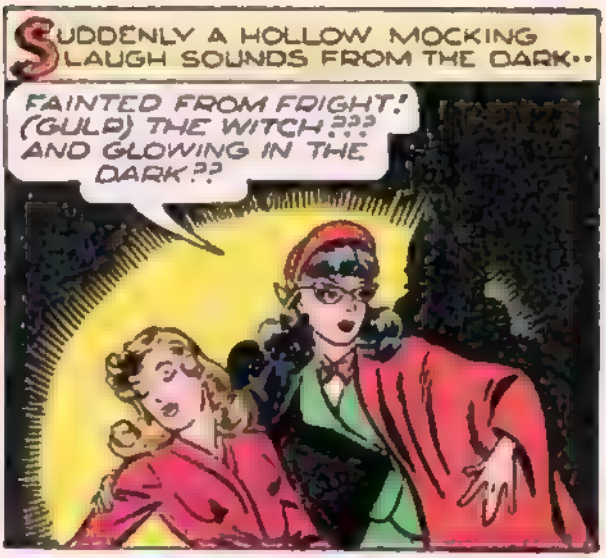
MADELINE JOYCE, ON HER WAY TO SPEND A WEEK-END WITH FRIENDS IN THE BERKSHIRE MOUNTAINS, TRAVELS A TREACHEROUS ROAD BORDERING THE PRECIPICE--- WHEN SUDDENLY A CRY KNIFES THE NIGHT!

I LOST FOUR HOURS BY TAKING THE WRONG TURN BACK THERE! HOPE I'M RIGHT THIS TIME! M-M-M! WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN'S SCREAM!
H-E-L-P!!

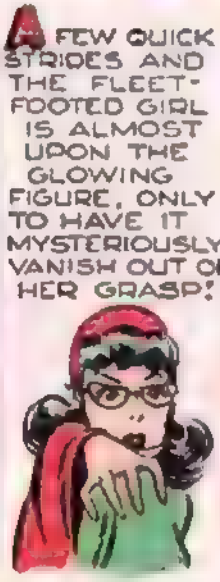
MADELINE ROUNDS THE TURN IN A BURST OF SPEED TOWARD THE ANGUISHED CRY!

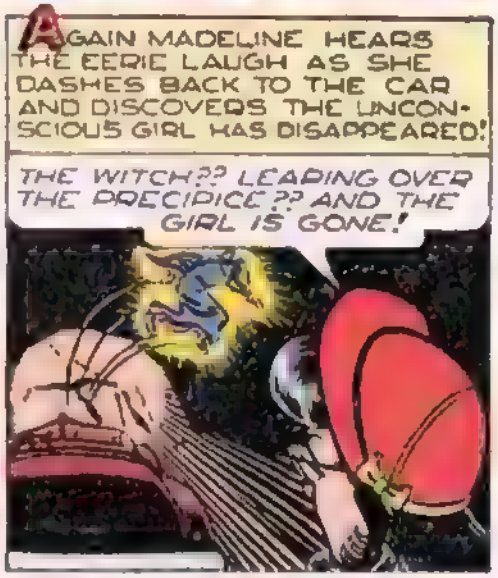


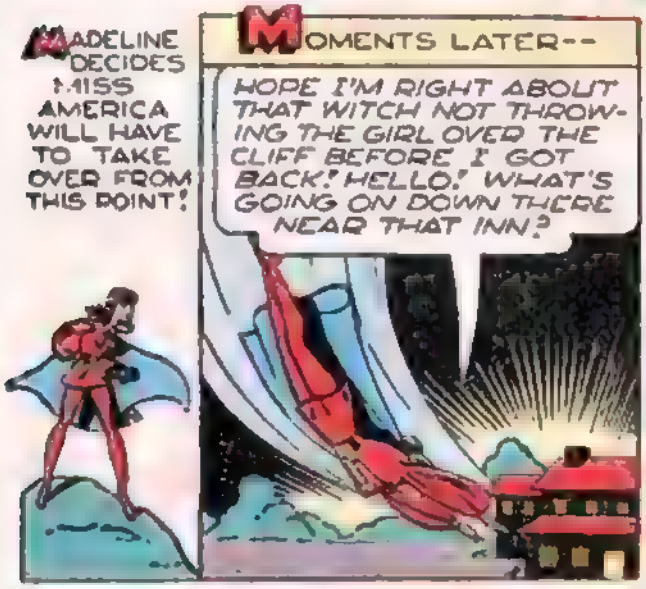

WITCH OR NOT! I'M NOT STANDING BY TO SEE MURDER! OH-OH! THAT AWFUL THING IS RUNNING AWAY!

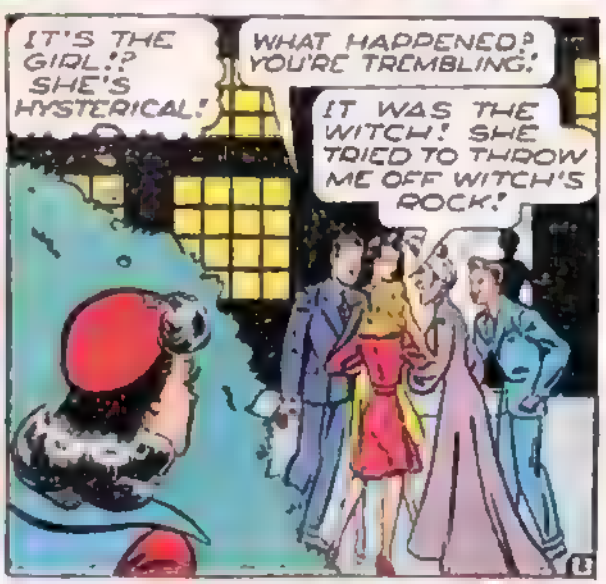

SUDDENLY A HOLLOW MOCKING LAUGH SOUNDS FROM THE DARK..
FAINTED FROM FRIGHT! (GULP) THE WITCH!?? AND GLOWING IN THE DARK??

I DON'T FANCY PLAYING "TAG" AT THIS LATE HOUR, BUT YOU'RE "IT" MR. OR MRS. WITCH! HERE I COME!


A FEW QUICK STRIDES AND THE FLEET-FOOTED GIRL IS ALMOST UPON THE GLOWING FIGURE, ONLY TO HAVE IT MYSTERIOUSLY VANISH OUT OF HER GRASP!

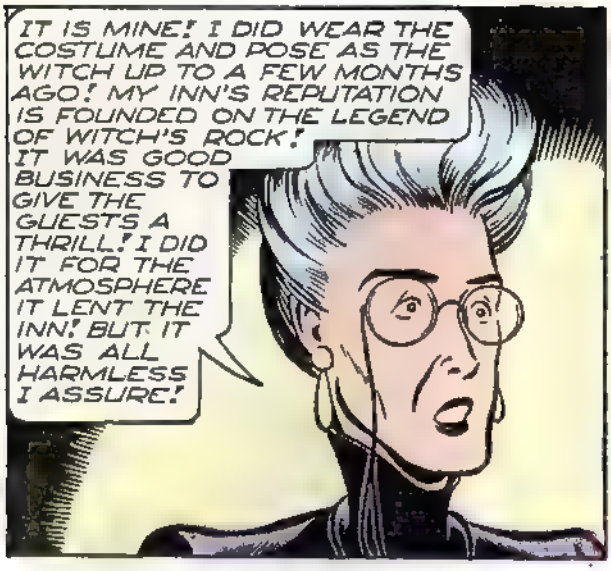

AGAIN MADELINE HEARS THE EERIE LAUGH AS SHE DASHES BACK TO THE CAR AND DISCOVERS THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL HAS DISAPPEARED!
THE WITCH?? LEAPING OVER THE PRECIPICE?? AND THE GIRL IS GONE!

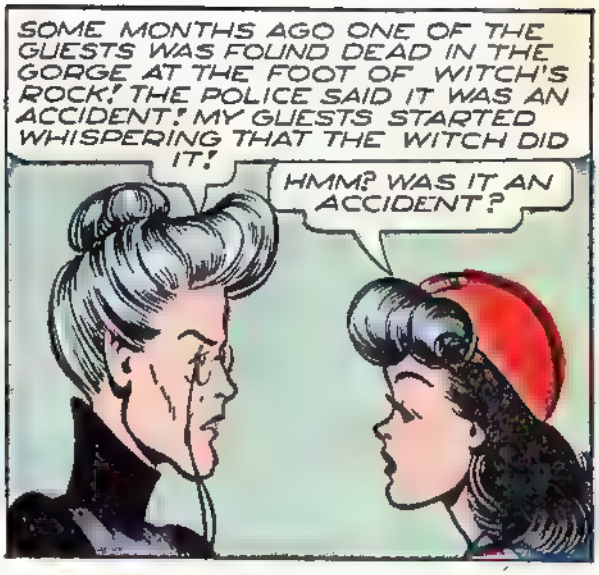

MADELINE DECIDES MISS AMERICA WILL HAVE TO TAKE OVER FROM THIS POINT!
MOMENTS LATER--
HOPE I'M RIGHT ABOUT THAT WITCH NOT THROWING THE GIRL OVER THE CLIFF BEFORE I GOT BACK! HELLO! WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE NEAR THAT INN?

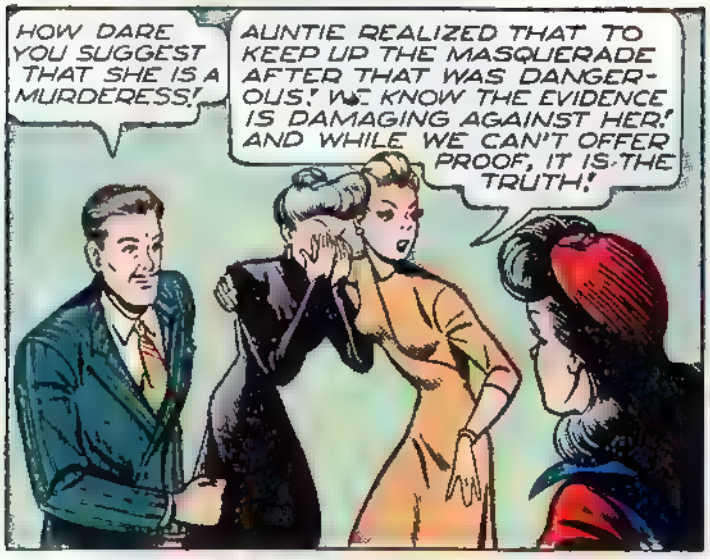

IT'S THE GIRL!? SHE'S HYSTERICAL!
WHAT HAPPENED? YOU'RE TREMBLING!
IT WAS THE WITCH! SHE TRIED TO THROW ME OFF WITCH'S ROCK!

MISS AMERICA HEARS ONE OF THE ONLOOKERS MAKE A STARTLING STATEMENT!
WITCHES! NONSENSE! SHE'S DELIRIOUS! TAKE HER TO HER ROOM!
SHE'S RIGHT! I, TOO, CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE WITCH AND SO DID MANY OTHER GUESTS AT THE INN!
I GATHERED FROM THE TALK THAT THE OLD LADY IS THE OWNER! THAT HANDSOME MAN, HER NEPHEW WHO MANAGES THE INN AND THAT WOMAN, HIS WIFE! I'LL LISTEN IN BY READING THEIR LIPS!
YOUR NIECE SAID SOMEONE IN A CAR SAW THE WITCH! WHAT IF THAT PERSON SHOULD COME BACK WITH THE POLICE?
THEY WON'T! PROBABLY SCARED AWAY!
BUT WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES! TOO MUCH TALK ABOUT THE WITCH AMONG THE GUESTS ANYWAY! YOU GET RID OF JULIE LIKE I SAID! I'LL GET RID OF THE COSTUME!
SO THEY'RE GOING TO GET RID OF THE GIRL AND THE COSTUME, EH? THIS IS ONE CASE THAT'S GOING TO WIND UP QUICKLY! AH! HERE'S JULIE'S ROOM!
OH!
LOOK! IT'S MISS AMERICA!
RIGHT YOU ARE!
3.

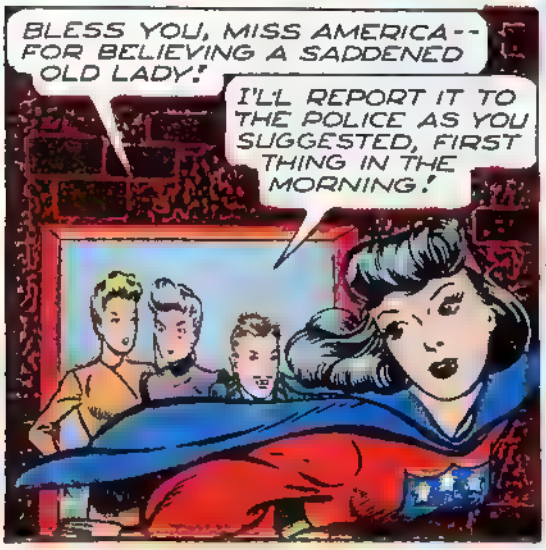
SORRY, SISTER! COULDN'T STOP TO AIM--IF I'M TO TAKE OUT THE ARMED INTERFERENCE!
SO SWIFT AND DEVASTATING IS MISS AMERICA'S ATTACK THAT THE NEPHEW AND HIS WIFE ARE SOON HER CRINGING CAPTIVES!
TAKE IT EASY, MISS! I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS THESE TWO SHOW ME WHERE THE COSTUMES ARE KEPT!
HOLD IT, GRANDMA! THAT'S CONCLUSIVE EVIDENCE YOU'RE TRYING TO DESTROY!
THIS COSTUME PLUS YOUR TRYING TO KILL THE GIRL WILL FIT YOU THREE INTO A NICE COZY CELL!
KILL JULIE? YOU MUST BE INSANE!
NICE GOING! THE NEXT THING YOU'LL TELL ME IS YOU DIDN'T DRESS UP AS THE WITCH AND TRY TO THROW THAT GIRL OFF THE ROCK!
HOW COULD I? ALL THREE OF US WERE HERE WHEN JULIE CAME BACK! THE GUESTS CAN VOUCH FOR THAT!
HOW ABOUT THIS COSTUME?


IT IS MINE! I DID WEAR THE COSTUME AND POSE AS THE WITCH UP TO A FEW MONTHS AGO! MY INN'S REPUTATION IS FOUNDED ON THE LEGEND OF WITCH'S ROCK! IT WAS GOOD BUSINESS TO GIVE THE GUESTS A THRILL! I DID IT FOR THE ATMOSPHERE IT LENT THE INN! BUT IT WAS ALL HARMLESS I ASSURE!

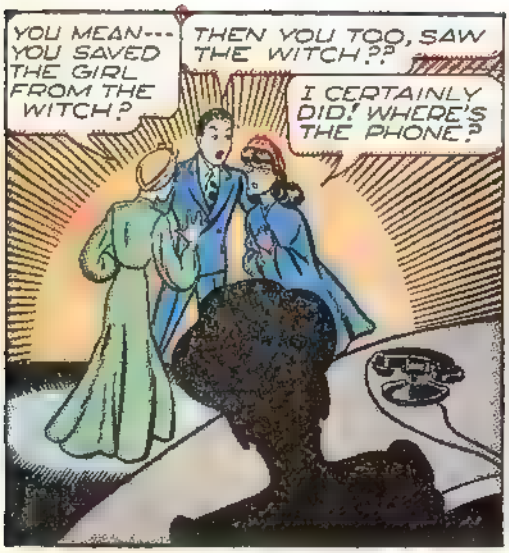

SOME MONTHS AGO ONE OF THE GUESTS WAS FOUND DEAD IN THE GORGE AT THE FOOT OF WITCH'S ROCK! THE POLICE SAID IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! MY GUESTS STARTED WHISPERING THAT THE WITCH DID IT!
HMM? WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?


HOW DARE YOU SUGGEST THAT SHE IS A MURDERESS!
AUNTIE REALIZED THAT TO KEEP UP THE MASQUERADE AFTER THAT WAS DANGEROUS! WE KNOW THE EVIDENCE IS DAMAGING AGAINST HER! AND WHILE WE CAN'T OFFER PROOF, IT IS THE TRUTH!

STORY IS LOGICAL ENOUGH! BUT I'M NOT SATISFIED! PARTICULARLY WITH THE NEPHEW AND WIFE! PEOPLE WHO ARE INNOCENT DON'T PUT UP THE KIND OF FIGHT THEY DID AGAINST "MISS AMERICA! I MUST MAKE THEM THINK I BELIEVE THEM!
OOOO


BLESS YOU, MISS AMERICA-- FOR BELIEVING A SADDENED OLD LADY!
I'LL REPORT IT TO THE POLICE AS YOU SUGGESTED, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING!

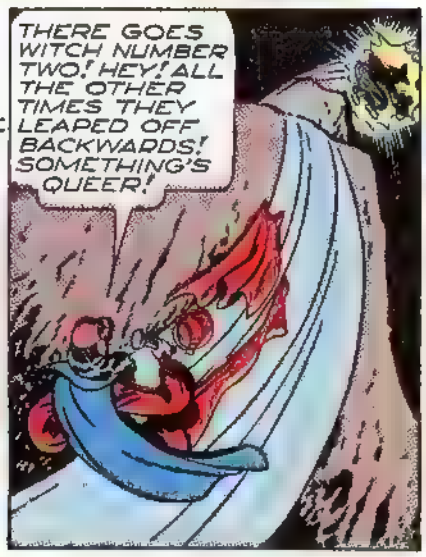
MISS AMERICA, ZOOMING BACK TO HER ROADSTER NEAR WITCH'S ROCK, QUICKLY SWITCHES TO MADELINE AGAIN AND A FEW MINUTES LATER GOES ROARING UP TO THE INN WITH HORN HONKING!

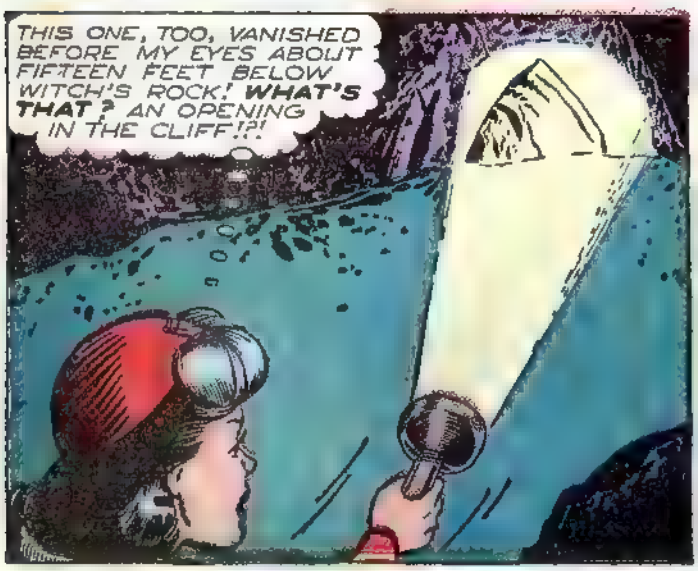


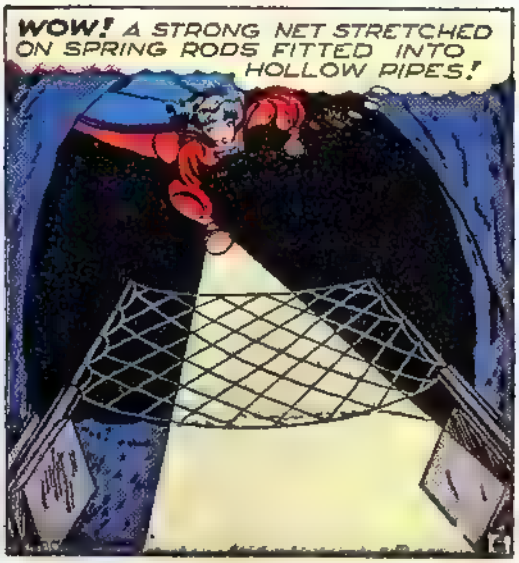
THE POPEYED LISTENERS HEAR MADELINE TELL THE POLICE THAT SHE DISCOVERED AN IMPORTANT CLUE NEAR WITCH'S ROCK!

MISS AMERICA, POISED ATOP WITCH'S ROCK, IS ABOUT TO SWEEP OFF MADELINE'S HAT AND CLOAK WHEN HER SENSITIVE EARS HEAR SLITHERING FOOTSTEPS!!

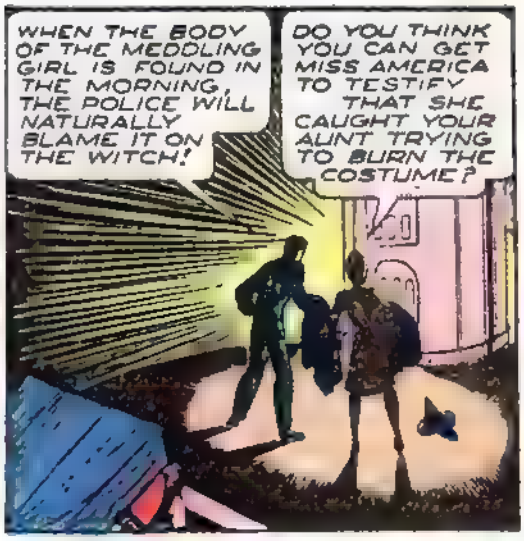
AFTER CARRYING OUT HER MASQUERADE AS THE HELPLESS GIRL, MISS AMERICA RIPS OFF THE HINDERING HAT AND CLOAK, WATCHING WITCH'S ROCK AS SHE FALLS THRU SPACE!



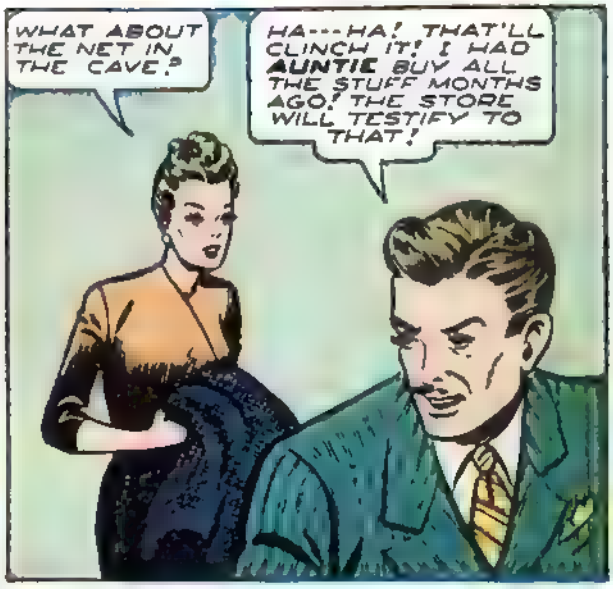


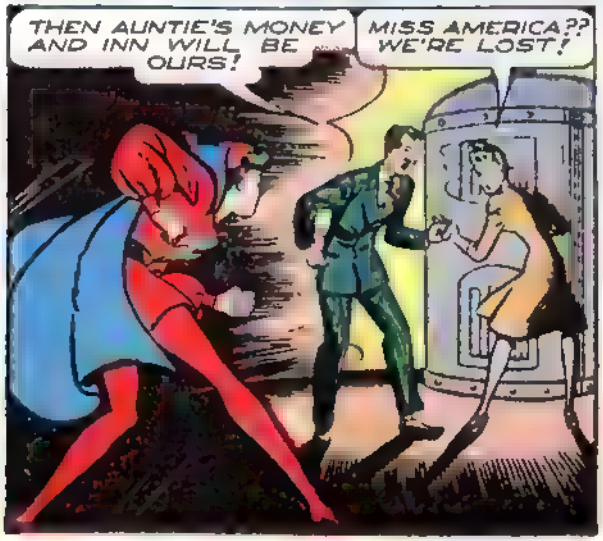


RACING ALONG THE TUNNEL, MISS AMERICA REACHES THE END WHICH SLOPES UP SHARPLY AND TERMINATES IN A CLEVERLY CONCEALED TRAP!


WHEN THE BODY OF THE MEDDLING GIRL IS FOUND IN THE MORNING, THE POLICE WILL NATURALLY BLAME IT ON THE WITCH!
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GET MISS AMERICA TO TESTIFY THAT SHE CAUGHT YOUR AUNT TRYING TO BURN THE COSTUME?

OF COURSE! SHE WILL COME FORWARD WHEN AUNTIE IS HELD FOR THE MURDER OF THIS GIRL AND FOR THE ACCIDENT THAT HAPPENED MONTHS AGO! HA···HA!


WHAT ABOUT THE NET IN THE CAVE?
HA···HA! THAT'LL CLINCH IT! I HAD AUNTIE BUY ALL THE STUFF MONTHS AGO! THE STORE WILL TESTIFY TO THAT!



YOUR GAME OF "WITCHES" IS OVER! NOW YOU'LL PLAY ANOTHER GAME WITH THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! AND YOUR AUNT CAN LIVE HER LIFE IN PEACE WITHOUT THE FEAR THAT ANY MORE WITCHES WILL BE HAUNTING WITCH'S ROCK!
THE END

PUSH-OVER

IT had always given Pete a creepy-feeling down the small of his back, to come out to the house-boat where old man Wright lived. Not that there had ever been anything definite Pete could put his finger on, anything to justify his uneasiness. Mr. Wright was a quiet old gent, minded his own business, always paid for his grub when Pete hauled out a load of it, once a week.

Of course there was no telling what kind of a guy Mr. Wright might have been before he came here, which hadn't been too long ago. He'd traveled a lot, Pete knew. He'd been in Africa up until the start of the war, when he'd come back to the States, and finally had rented the house-boat. Nothing out of the ordinary about him to arouse uneasiness or suspicion . . .

The lights were burning in the house-boat now, as Pete parked his bicycle against a tree, gathered the packages out of the basket. He looked about at the wooded hills, the old landing ramp stretching out into the smooth waters of the lagoon.

Carefully Pete picked his way out the landing ramp, stepped down to the narrow run along the side of the craft. He moved forward toward the door—which opened suddenly to disclose a man in uniform. A cop.

"Hold it there," the cop said peering toward Pete. "What's your business out here?"

"Groceries—" Pete stopped. "W-what's happened? Mr. Wright ordered this stuff—"

The policeman turned back briefly, speaking to someone beyond the door. Then he came out again, nodding his stolid, hard face. "Okay. You can come in, although the old buzzard won't be needing anything to eat again. Somebody did him in!"

* * * * *

INSIDE Pete stared down at the crumpled body behind the little table. There were no signs of violence, but Pete decided to let that go. It was plainly evident from the still, hardened face that the old man was dead.

The cop waited by the door. Another man stood near the far wall, beside an open trunk, through which he had evidently been searching. A third man stood near the body, hands in pockets, black eyes fixed steadily on Pete. The stranger said, "Detective Jones is my name, kid. And this is my side-kick, Detective Dayton. That guy there . . . " He waved toward the policeman . . . "Is Patrolman Hannagan."

Patrolman Hannagan twirled his club, narrowly missing his fingers. "Flat foot," he growled. "Some day I'll be a sleuth. Like them."

Pete said, "I guess there isn't much sense leaving this stuff here now. How—how did it happen?"

For a moment there was silence. Detective Jones glanced at his two companions. "We came here to find out who killed the old man. And why. Although . . . I've already got that figured out."

Pete waited. This was just like a movie thriller . . . only he felt sort of sorry that it had to be Mr. Wright. After all, he certainly never harmed anyone.

Detective Jones said, "You been delivering grub out here right along, for the old guy?

Pete nodded. "Ever since he came here."

"What about old man Wright? How'd he seem to you? Did you ever see anyone hanging around? Suspicious characters?"

For a moment Pete hesitated. It was a pretty isolated spot, and no one ever came here unless it was during the duck season.

* * * * *

"I NEVER noticed anyone," he said, forcing the words out, trying to keep the scared feeling out of them. "At least, no one I ever figured—" He hesitated.

Why, they might be figuring he had had something to do with it—"I—I don't know much about Mr. Wright," Pete said suddenly. "The only times I ever came out here were when he needed grub. He was always good to me. Always paid his bills—"

"Guess it was the diamonds," Detective Day-

ton said, speaking for the first time in heavy, dull voice. It made Pete jump. "He had a couple of uncut sparklers. Must be worth plenty."

The two detectives exchanged glances. Pete felt his body stiffen. Diamonds . . . uncut . . . worth plenty . . .

"Guess that was it, alright," Detective Jones admitted slowly. "We found two of them hidden in his stuff." He paused a moment, then said in a lighter voice, "Guess we've done all we can here for now. You better scram kid. We'll be locking up and going back to the city now. Got a couple of leads to work on. Patrolman Hannagan, you see to it the kid gets off without spilling his groceries."

Carefully Pete gathered up the two bundles. His mind was twisting and turning restlessly, as he walked out the door.

* * * * *

AT the end of the landing platform, Pete paused for a last look back. "I still don't know why anyone would want to do a thing like that. The diamonds were his. And just to kill him for them . . ." He stopped.

Patrolman Hannagan laughed gruffly. "I'm twenty years on the force, and I've seen plenty of jobs like this one. It'll be a push-over. Them two back there have it lined up, already."

He looked back, twirling the club in his hands. He missed a catch, cracking his fingers sharply and for a moment muttered under his breath, rubbing the backs of his fingers. He growled, "We gotta get back to the city in a hurry now. They've a couple of hot leads—"

"Guess that was your car I saw back down the road a ways," Pete said. "If you're in a hurry you better take the old Fox Hills road right out through Elting. It's a short-cut to the city."

"Fox Hills Road?" the policeman questioned. "That's—where?"

"Turn left at the first road fork," Pete directed.

The officer said, "None of us know this country much. I don't want to. Give me the bright lights anytime. Thanks for the tip. It's the Fox Hills Road back."

Excitement was steep in Pete's throat as he peddled furiously home. There wasn't any time to be lost. Maybe he was wrong, but he didn't think so. At least it wouldn't hurt to let the State Troopers know what had happened. And that they could stop the two detectives and their policeman escort on the Fox Hills Road, which wasn't a short-cut at all. It would take twice as long at least. It would give the Troopers time to set a trap at either end!

* * * * *

IT was warm and bright in the Troopers Barracks. Pete sat stiffly in the chair against the wall, looking hard across at the three men against the opposite side of the room. Detectives Jones and Dayton. And Patrolman Hannagan. They didn't look so dapper just now. It was quite obvious they'd objected to being brought back, even if they were detectives . . .

"They've confessed," Trooper Stallingsworth said grimly. "We had plenty of time to set up a barricade at the end of the old Fox Hills Road—"

"Some short-cut," ex-policeman Hannagan growled, glaring across at Pete. "I knowed all along we shouldn't have given this runt a chance to get away. Just Slim's idea—getting chicken-hearted in his old age. Didn't want to make a mess!"

For a moment there was silence in the office. Pete felt all eyes upon him, the troopers and the sheriff, and Mr. Barns, who owned the food store where Pete worked. It was Mr. Barns who asked curiously, "What I'd like to know, Pete, is how come you got wise to these murderers?"

* * * * *

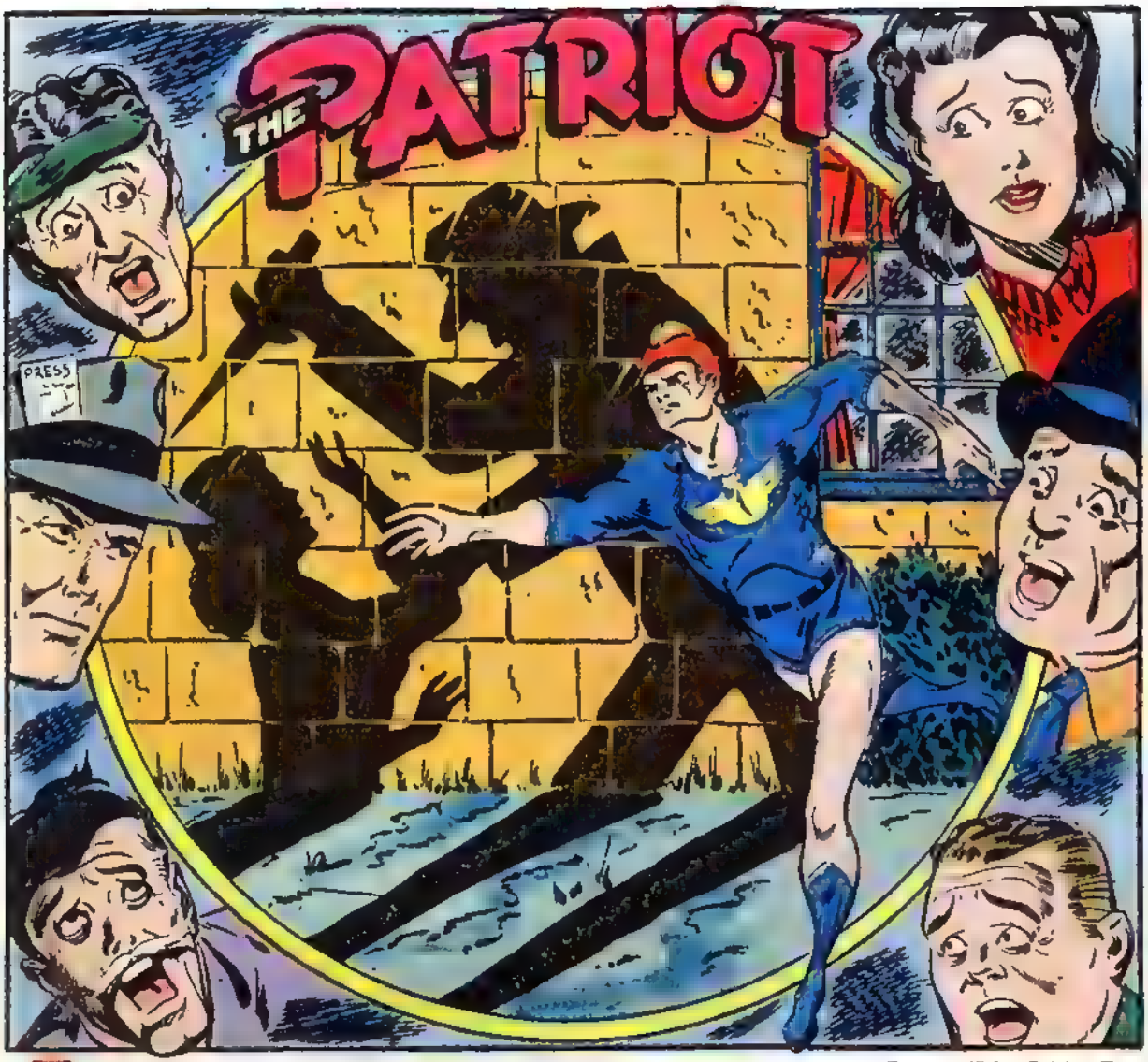
PETE hesitated, feeling hot color creep into his cheeks. Trooper Stallingsworth prompted, "Go ahead, Pete. Looks like you've got the makings of a good trooper in you, already."

"The guy who was supposed to be a policeman," Pete explained with difficulty, wishing he wasn't so red in the face. "He told me he'd been on the force twenty years. But when he tried to twirl that club of his . . . he cracked his knuckles. I didn't think it would take twenty years to learn to do that. That's why I figured he must be a phony. Only why he dressed up like that, and then put on an act . . ."

"Didn't know what they were up against," the big Trooper explained. They wanted the diamonds Mr. Wright brought back from Africa. They knew it'd take time to find where they were hidden, and in case anyone came snooping around—"

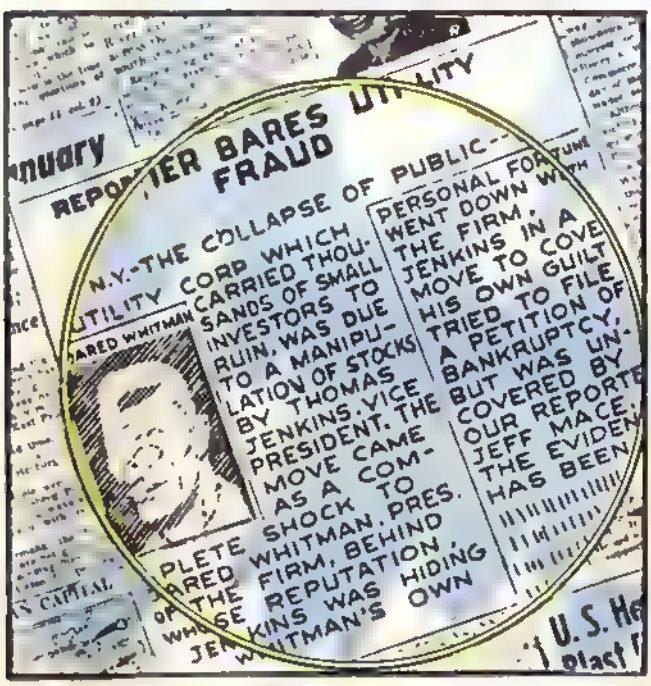
Ex-detective Jones looked at ex-patrolman Hannagan. "Chump," Jones snarled. "You couldn't be a detective like Joe and me. You had to be a cop. Some cop!"

THE END



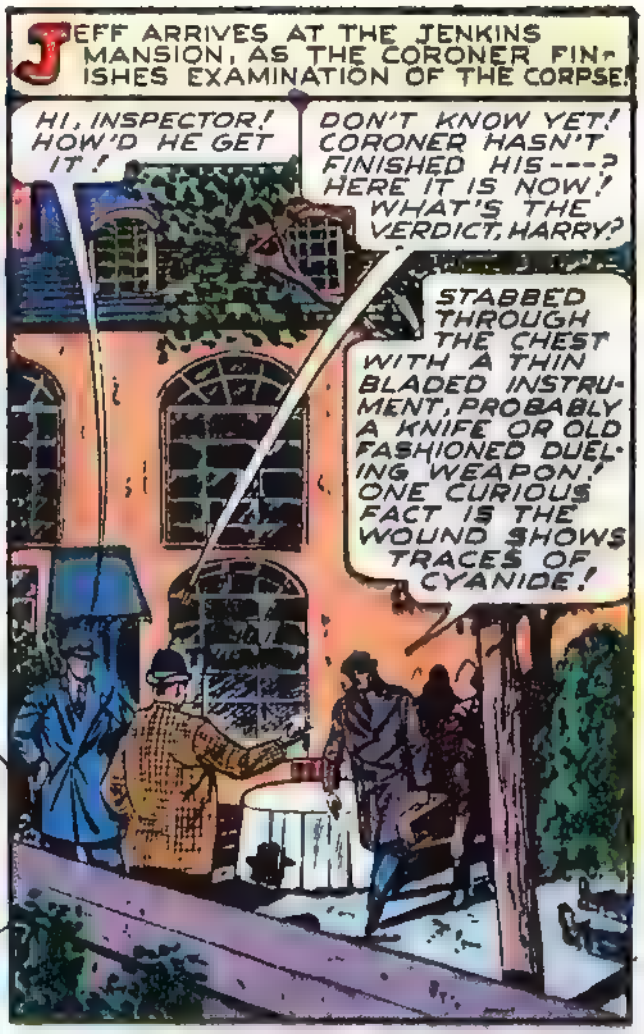
THE PATRIOT, TAKES UP THE DARK AND BLOODY TRAIL TO SOLVE--

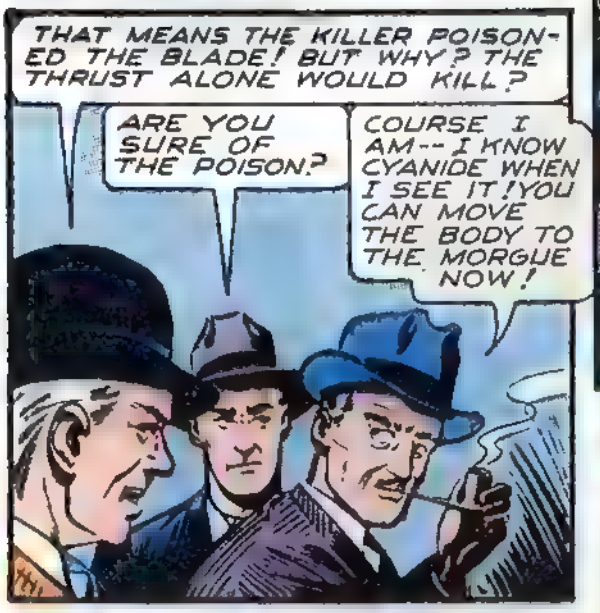
The WHISPERING DEATH !!


REPORTER BARES UTILITY FRAUD
N.Y.-THE COLLAPSE OF PUBLIC-- UTILITY CORP WHICH CARRIED THOUSANDS OF SMALL INVESTORS TO RUIN, WAS DUE TO A MANIPULATION OF STOCKS BY THOMAS JENKINS, VICE PRESIDENT. THE MOVE CAME AS A COMPLETE SHOCK TO HARED WHITMAN, PRES. OF THE FIRM, BEHIND WHOSE REPUTATION JENKINS WAS HIDING WHITMAN'S OWN
PERSONAL FORTUNE WENT DOWN WITH THE FIRM. JENKINS IN A MOVE TO COVER HIS OWN GUILT TRIED TO FILE A PETITION OF BANKRUPTCY, BUT WAS UNCOVERED BY OUR REPORTER JEFF MACE. THE EVIDENCE HAS BEEN

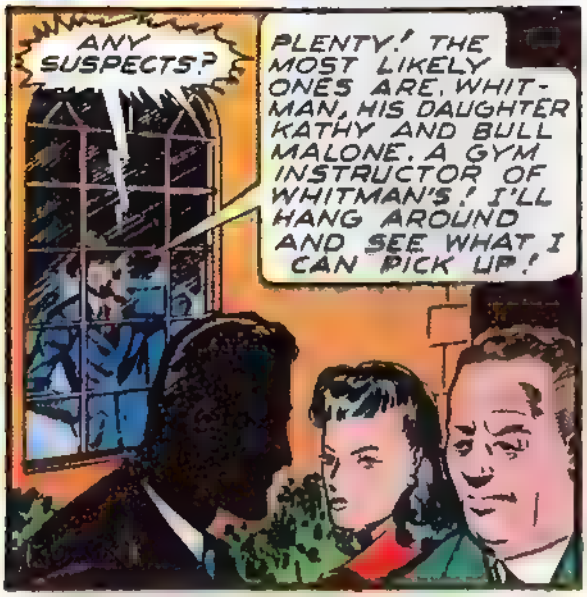
GREAT STUFF, JEFF! JENKINS WAS A SLIPPERY SNAKE---NOW THANKS TO YOU, HE'S GOING TO JAIL! INSPECTOR BRIAN IS ON THE WAY TO MAKE THE PINCH NOW---!
YEAH! PROVIDING ONE OF HIS VICTIMS DON'T GET TO HIM FIRST!!!

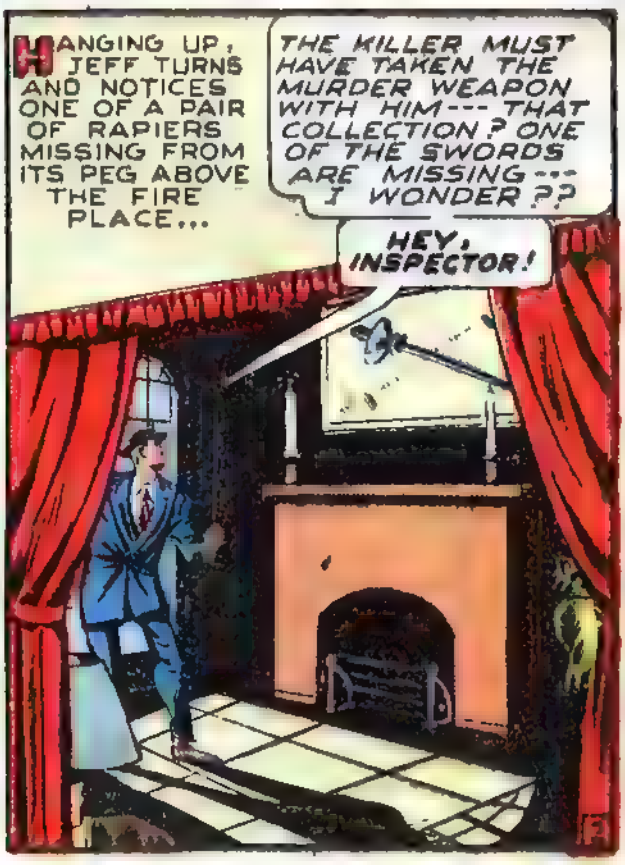
WHAT? WHEN DID IT HAPPEN? THANKS, INSPECTOR! YOU'RE A PAL!
JENKINS WAS MURDERED HALF AN HOUR AGO! JEFF, GO OUT AND GET THE STORY!
HOLD THE PRESSES!

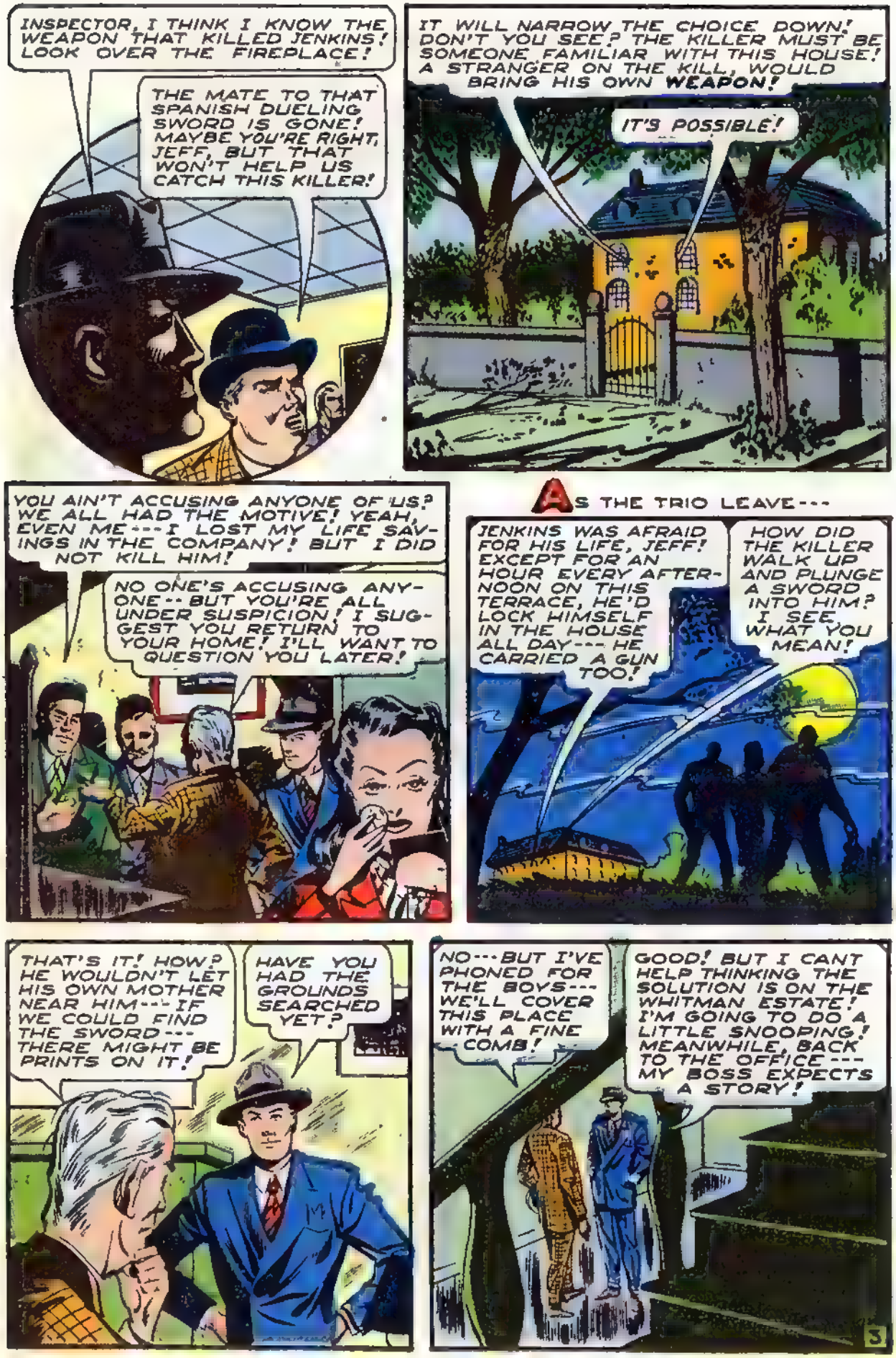

JEFF ARRIVES AT THE JENKINS MANSION, AS THE CORONER FINISHES EXAMINATION OF THE CORPSE!
HI, INSPECTOR! HOW'D HE GET IT!
DON'T KNOW YET! CORONER HASN'T FINISHED HIS---? HERE IT IS NOW! WHAT'S THE VERDICT, HARRY?
STABBED THROUGH THE CHEST WITH A THIN BLADED INSTRUMENT, PROBABLY A KNIFE OR OLD FASHIONED DUELING WEAPON! ONE CURIOUS FACT IS THE WOUND SHOWS TRACES OF CYANIDE!

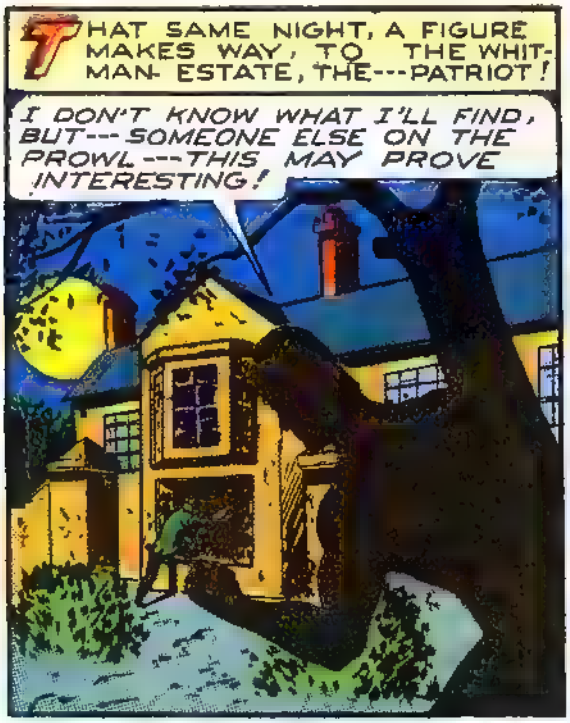

THAT MEANS THE KILLER POISONED THE BLADE! BUT WHY? THE THRUST ALONE WOULD KILL?
ARE YOU SURE OF THE POISON?
COURSE I AM--I KNOW CYANIDE WHEN I SEE IT! YOU CAN MOVE THE BODY TO THE MORGUE NOW!

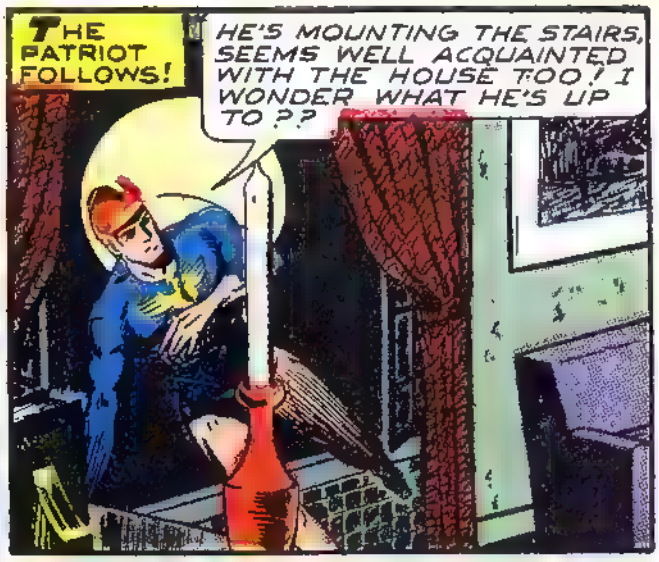
WHILE THE BODY IS REMOVED, JEFF PHONES HIS OFFICE....

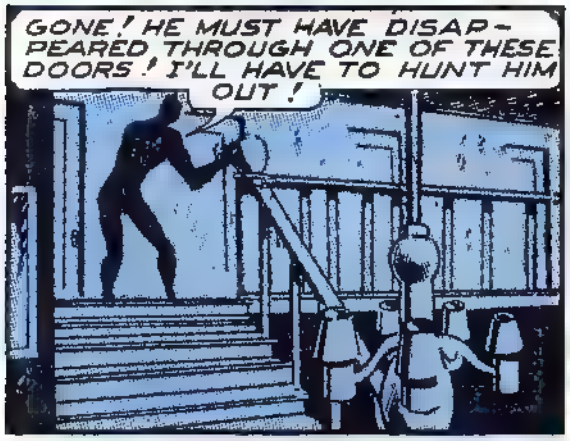

ANY SUSPECTS?
PLENTY! THE MOST LIKELY ONES ARE, WHITMAN, HIS DAUGHTER KATHY AND BULL MALONE. A GYM INSTRUCTOR OF WHITMAN'S! I'LL HANG AROUND AND SEE WHAT I CAN PICK UP!


HANGING UP, JEFF TURNS AND NOTICES ONE OF A PAIR OF RAPIERS MISSING FROM ITS PEG ABOVE THE FIRE PLACE...
THE KILLER MUST HAVE TAKEN THE MURDER WEAPON WITH HIM--- THAT COLLECTION? ONE OF THE SWORDS ARE MISSING--- I WONDER??
HEY, INSPECTOR!


INSPECTOR, I THINK I KNOW THE WEAPON THAT KILLED JENKINS! LOOK OVER THE FIREPLACE!
THE MATE TO THAT SPANISH DUELING SWORD IS GONE! MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, JEFF, BUT THAT WON'T HELP US CATCH THIS KILLER!
IT WILL NARROW THE CHOICE DOWN! DON'T YOU SEE? THE KILLER MUST BE SOMEONE FAMILIAR WITH THIS HOUSE! A STRANGER ON THE KILL, WOULD BRING HIS OWN WEAPON!
IT'S POSSIBLE!
YOU AIN'T ACCUSING ANYONE OF US? WE ALL HAD THE MOTIVE! YEAH, EVEN ME---I LOST MY LIFE SAVINGS IN THE COMPANY! BUT I DID NOT KILL HIM!
NO ONE'S ACCUSING ANYONE--BUT YOU'RE ALL UNDER SUSPICION! I SUGGEST YOU RETURN TO YOUR HOME! I'LL WANT TO QUESTION YOU LATER!
AS THE TRIO LEAVE---
JENKINS WAS AFRAID FOR HIS LIFE, JEFF! EXCEPT FOR AN HOUR EVERY AFTERNOON ON THIS TERRACE, HE'D LOCK HIMSELF IN THE HOUSE ALL DAY--- HE CARRIED A GUN TOO!
HOW DID THE KILLER WALK UP AND PLUNGE A SWORD INTO HIM? I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!
THAT'S IT! HOW? HE WOULDN'T LET HIS OWN MOTHER NEAR HIM--- IF WE COULD FIND THE SWORD--- THERE MIGHT BE PRINTS ON IT!
HAVE YOU HAD THE GROUNDS SEARCHED YET?
NO---BUT I'VE PHONED FOR THE BOYS--- WE'LL COVER THIS PLACE WITH A FINE COMB!
GOOD! BUT I CANT HELP THINKING THE SOLUTION IS ON THE WHITMAN ESTATE! I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE SNOOPING! MEANWHILE, BACK TO THE OFFICE--- MY BOSS EXPECTS A STORY!
3

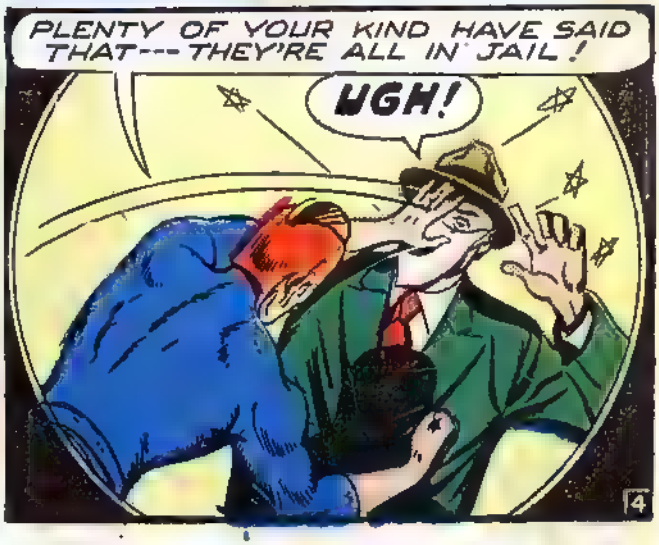

THAT SAME NIGHT, A FIGURE MAKES WAY, TO THE WHITMAN ESTATE, THE---PATRIOT!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND, BUT---SOMEONE ELSE ON THE PROWL---THIS MAY PROVE INTERESTING!

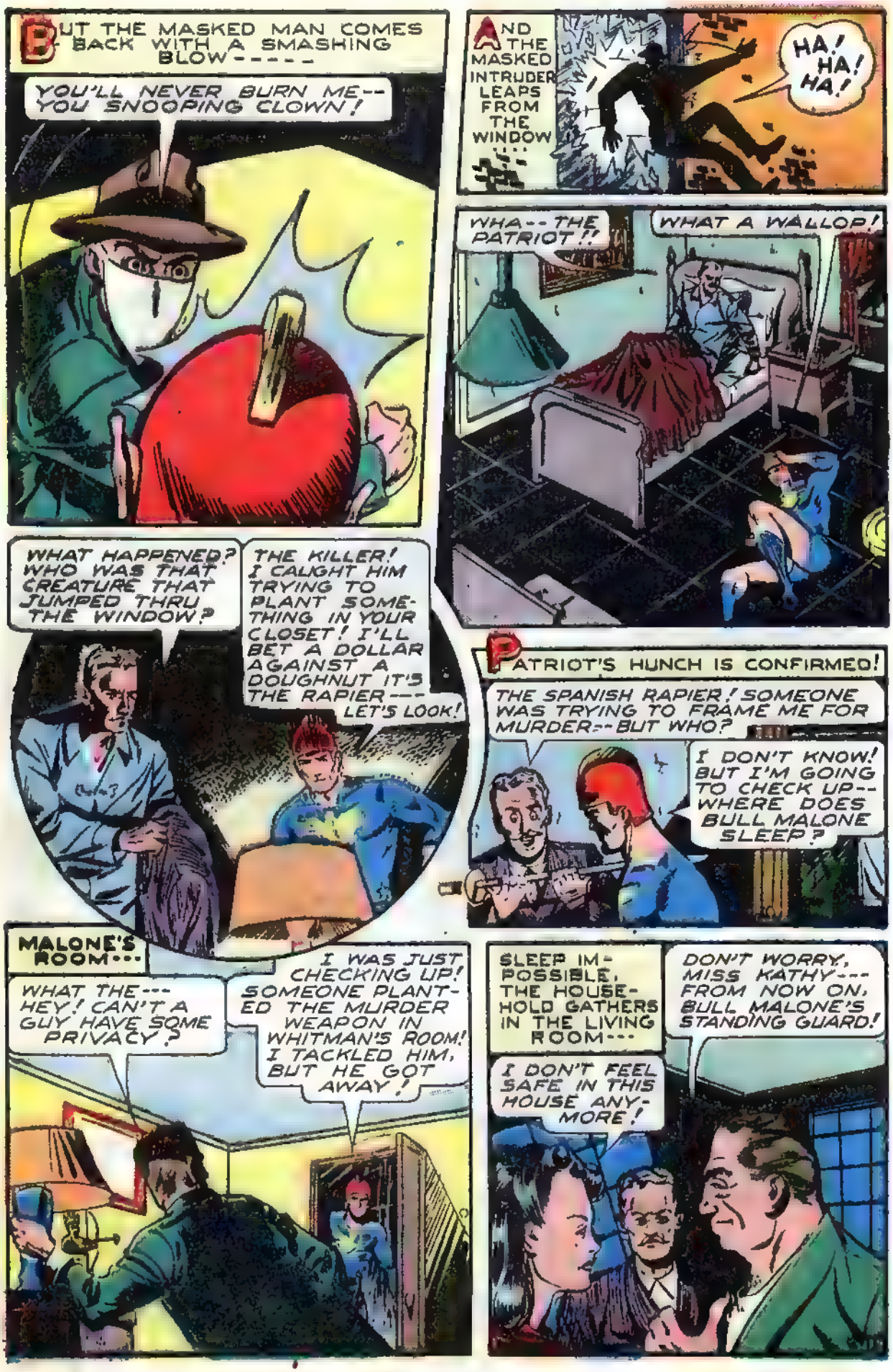

THE PATRIOT FOLLOWS!
HE'S MOUNTING THE STAIRS, SEEMS WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THE HOUSE TOO! I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO??

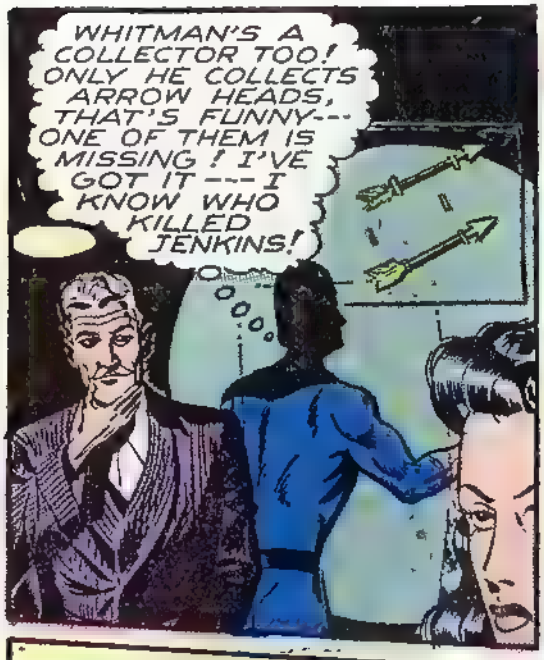

GONE! HE MUST HAVE DISAPPEARED THROUGH ONE OF THESE DOORS! I'LL HAVE TO HUNT HIM OUT!

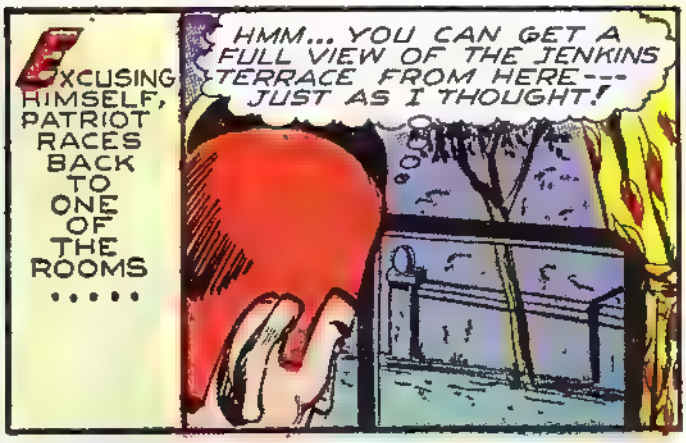
AND AS HE CAREFULLY OPENS THE DOOR---HE SEES HIS QUARRY---
WHITMAN'S ROOM! SO, NOW I KNOW WHAT THAT SNEAK IS UP TO! HE'S TRYING TO FRAME WHITMAN FOR MURDER---WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S IN FOR---!

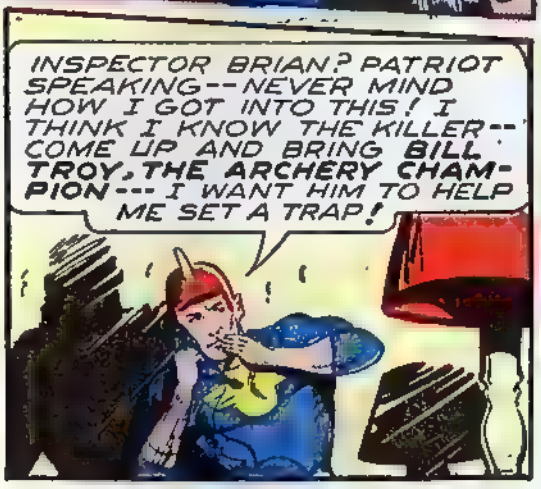
STARTLED YOU, EH? ITS JUST THE BEGINNING!
THE BEGINNING OF YOUR END!

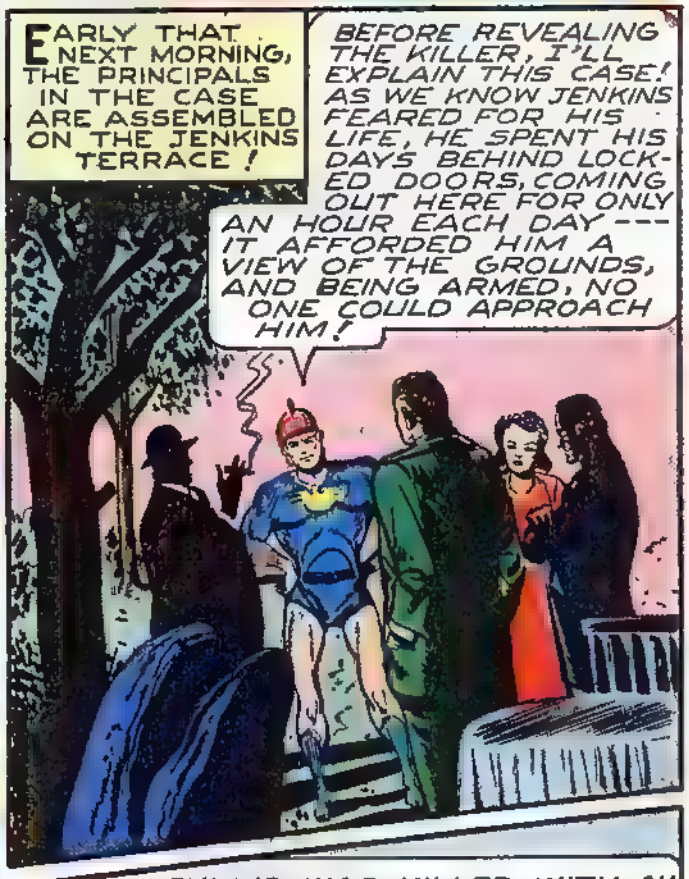

PLENTY OF YOUR KIND HAVE SAID THAT---THEY'RE ALL IN JAIL!
UGH!

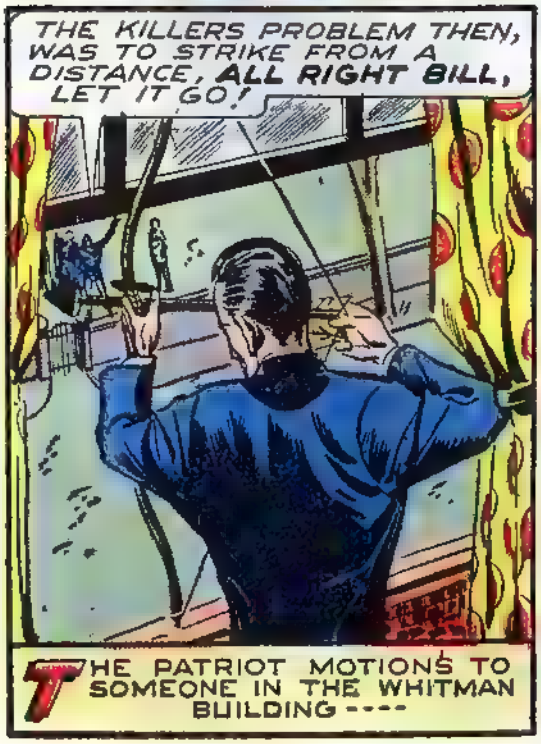

BUT THE MASKED MAN COMES BACK WITH A SMASHING BLOW-----
YOU'LL NEVER BURN ME-- YOU SNOOPING CLOWN!
AND THE MASKED INTRUDER LEAPS FROM THE WINDOW....
HA! HA! HA!
WHA--THE PATRIOT!!
WHAT A WALLOP!
WHAT HAPPENED? WHO WAS THAT CREATURE THAT JUMPED THRU THE WINDOW?
THE KILLER! I CALGHT HIM TRYING TO PLANT SOMETHING IN YOUR CLOSET! I'LL BET A DOLLAR AGAINST A DOUGHNUT IT'S THE RAPIER--- LET'S LOOK!
PATRIOT'S HUNCH IS CONFIRMED!
THE SPANISH RAPIER! SOMEONE WAS TRYING TO FRAME ME FOR MURDER--BUT WHO?
I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'M GOING TO CHECK UP-- WHERE DOES BULL MALONE SLEEP?
MALONE'S ROOM...
WHAT THE--- HEY! CAN'T A GUY HAVE SOME PRIVACY?
I WAS JUST CHECKING UP! SOMEONE PLANTED THE MURDER WEAPON IN WHITMAN'S ROOM! I TACKLED HIM, BUT HE GOT AWAY!
SLEEP IMPOSSIBLE, THE HOUSEHOLD GATHERS IN THE LIVING ROOM---
DON'T WORRY, MISS KATHY--- FROM NOW ON, BULL MALONE'S STANDING GUARD!
I DON'T FEEL SAFE IN THIS HOUSE ANYMORE!

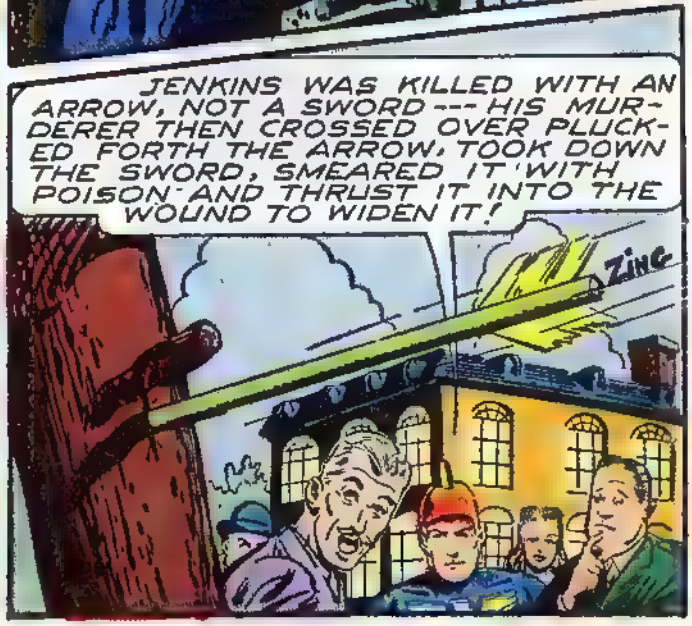

WHITMAN'S A COLLECTOR TOO! ONLY HE COLLECTS ARROW HEADS, THAT'S FUNNY--- ONE OF THEM IS MISSING! I'VE GOT IT --- I KNOW WHO KILLED JENKINS!


EXCUSING HIMSELF, PATRIOT RACES BACK TO ONE OF THE ROOMS .....
HMM... YOU CAN GET A FULL VIEW OF THE JENKINS TERRACE FROM HERE--- JUST AS I THOUGHT!

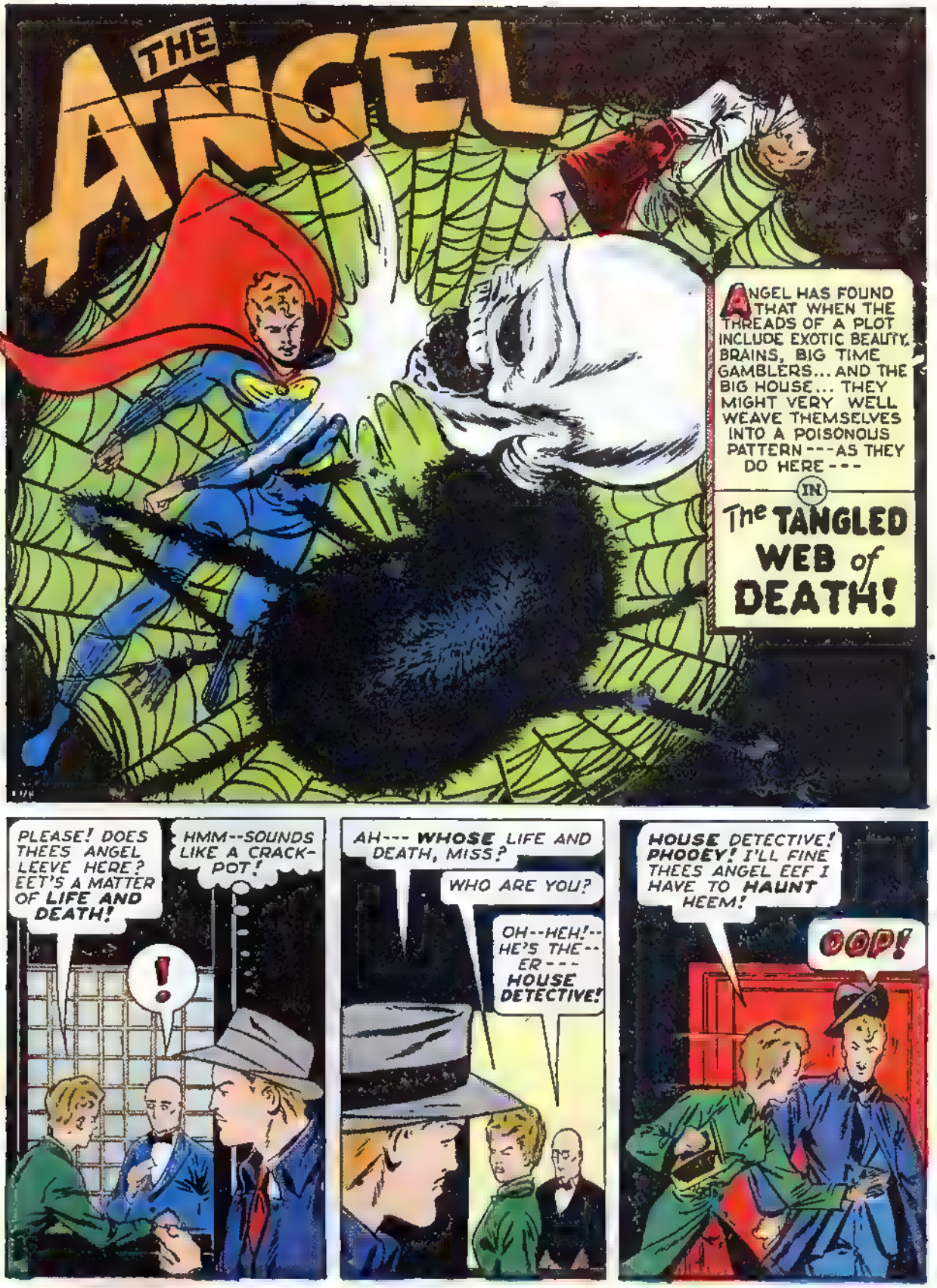

INSPECTOR BRIAN? PATRIOT SPEAKING--NEVER MIND HOW I GOT INTO THIS! I THINK I KNOW THE KILLER--COME UP AND BRING BILL TROY, THE ARCHERY CHAMPION--- I WANT HIM TO HELP ME SET A TRAP!

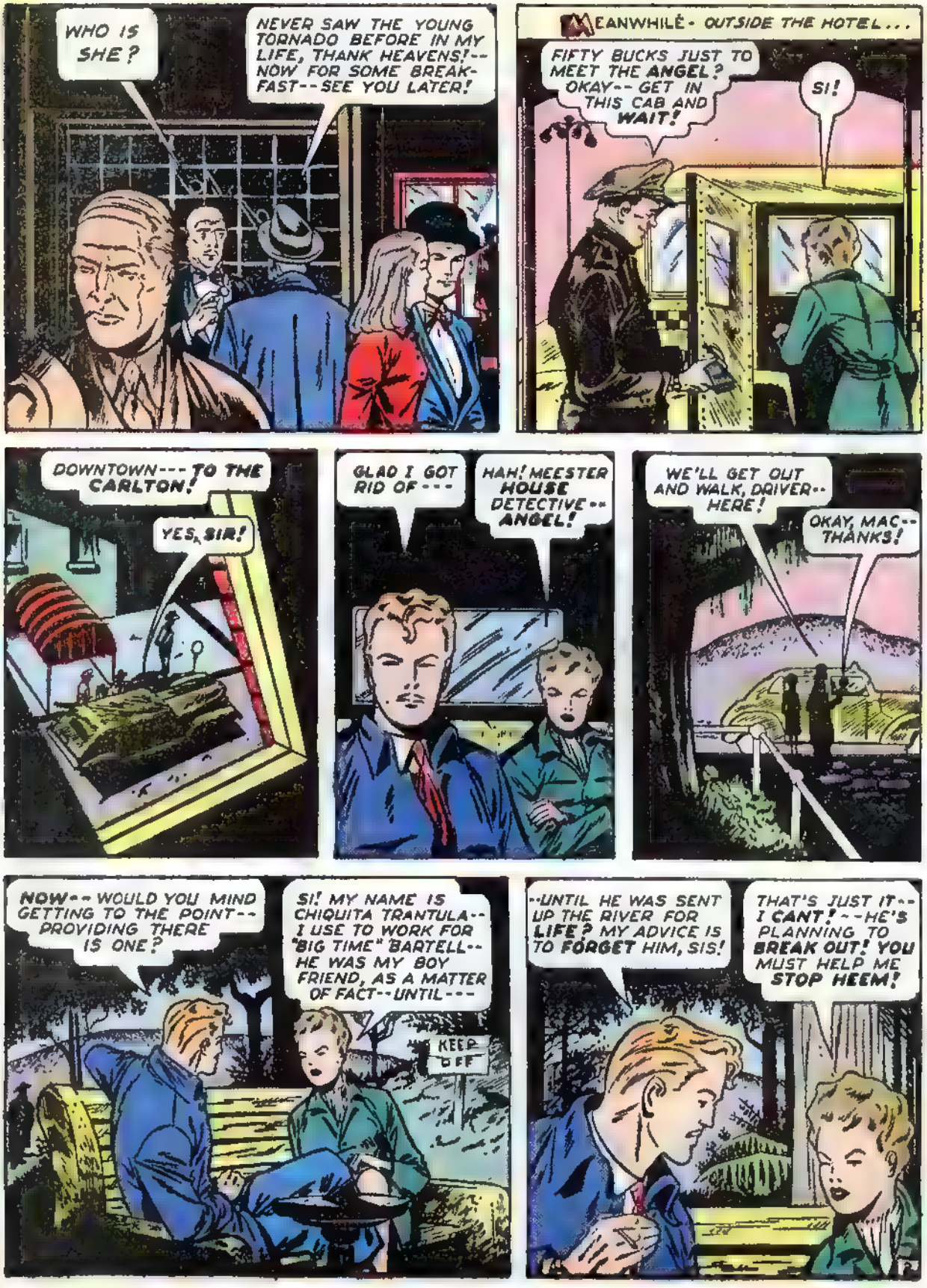

EARLY THAT NEXT MORNING, THE PRINCIPALS IN THE CASE ARE ASSEMBLED ON THE JENKINS TERRACE!
BEFORE REVEALING THE KILLER, I'LL EXPLAIN THIS CASE! AS WE KNOW JENKINS FEARED FOR HIS LIFE, HE SPENT HIS DAYS BEHIND LOCKED DOORS, COMING OUT HERE FOR ONLY AN HOUR EACH DAY--- IT AFFORDED HIM A VIEW OF THE GROUNDS, AND BEING ARMED, NO ONE COULD APPROACH HIM!

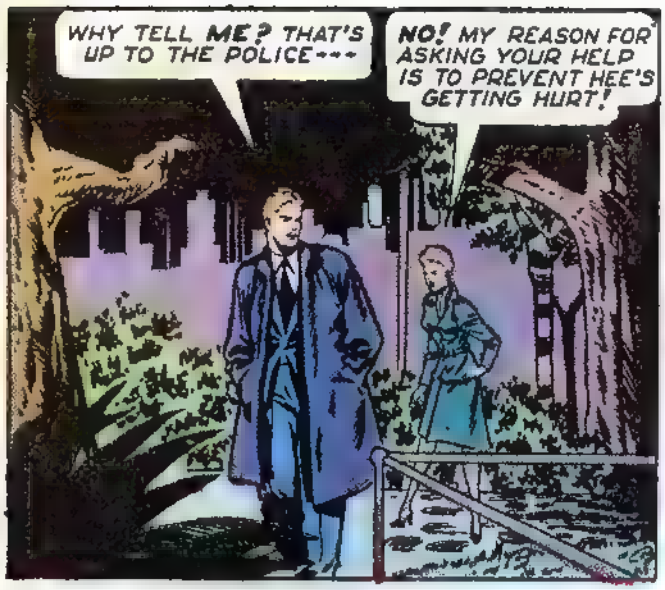

THE KILLERS PROBLEM THEN, WAS TO STRIKE FROM A DISTANCE, ALL RIGHT BILL, LET IT GO!
THE PATRIOT MOTIONS TO SOMEONE IN THE WHITMAN BUILDING ----

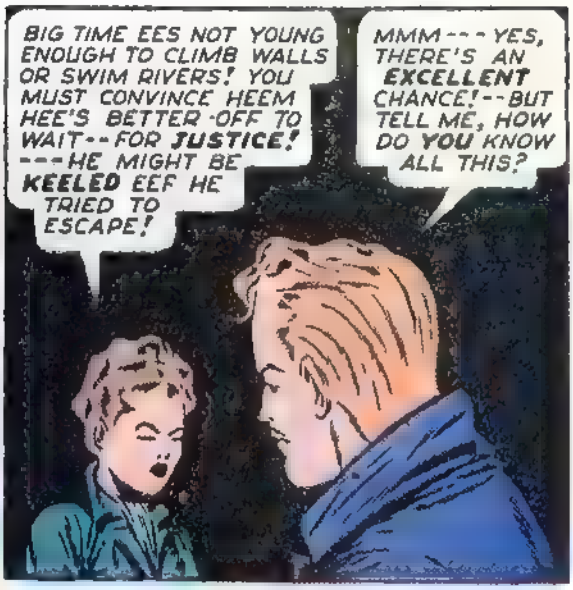

JENKINS WAS KILLED WITH AN ARROW, NOT A SWORD --- HIS MURDERER THEN CROSSED OVER PLUCKED FORTH THE ARROW, TOOK DOWN THE SWORD, SMEARED IT WITH POISON AND THRUST IT INTO THE WOUND TO WIDEN IT!
ZING

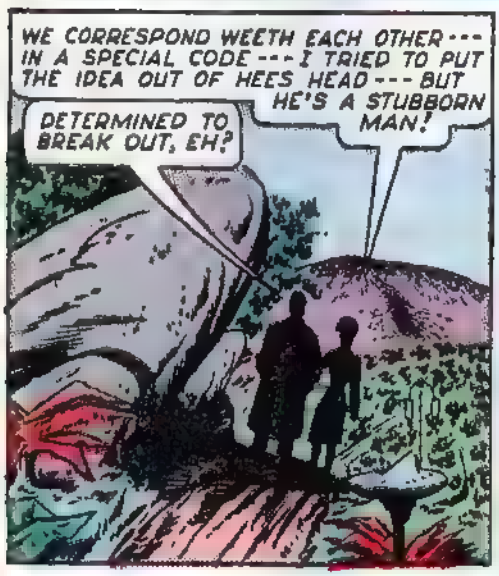
WHY?
TO THROW SUSPICION OFF HIMSELF, AND ONTO HIS EMPLOYER, MR. WHITMAN IN WHOSE CLOSET, HE TRYED TO PLANT IT -- ARREST BULL MALONE -- HE'S YOUR MURDERER!
YES, I SUSPECTED YOU WHEN I SAW THAT ARCHERY THROPHY IN YOUR ROOM AND FOUND AN ARROW HEAD MISSING FROM WHITMAN'S COLLECTION!
SMART AREN'T CHA? SURE, I KILLED HIM! HE WIPED OUT MY SAVINGS WITH HIS CROOKED SCHEMES!
BUT YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ME -- STAND BACK, NOBODY'S GONNA TAKE ME!
LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE WITHOUT WEAPONS!
OOFF!
THIS IS CURTAINS FOR A KILLER!
LATER AT HEADQUARTER!
HELLO, INSPECTOR -- ANYTHING NEW ON THE JENKINS CASE?
ANYTHING NEW? WHY, MR. MACE --- THE PATRIOT SOLVED THE CASE TWENTY MINUTES AGO, AND HOW THE PATRIOT GOT MIXED UP INTO IT IS BEYOND ME!
THE END

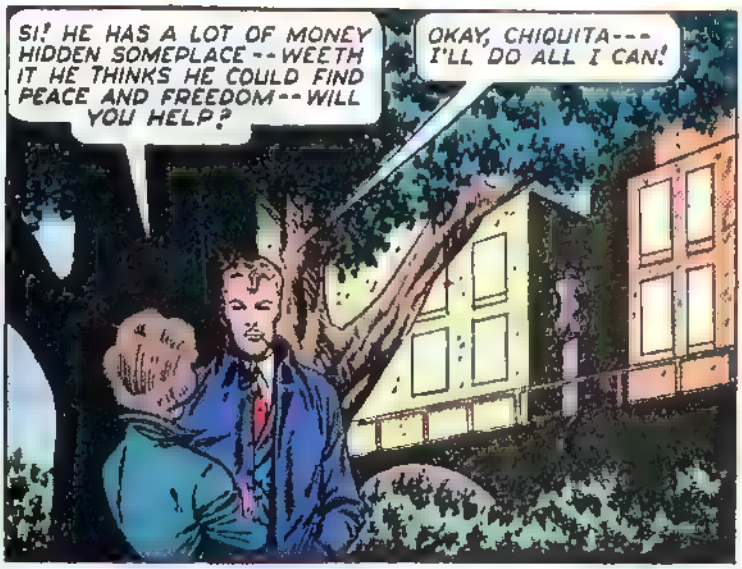

THE ANGEL
ANGEL HAS FOUND THAT WHEN THE THREADS OF A PLOT INCLUDE EXOTIC BEAUTY, BRAINS, BIG TIME GAMBLERS... AND THE BIG HOUSE... THEY MIGHT VERY WELL WEAVE THEMSELVES INTO A POISONOUS PATTERN---AS THEY DO HERE---
IN
The TANGLED WEB of DEATH!
PLEASE! DOES THEES ANGEL LEEVE HERE? EET'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!
HMM--SOUNDS LIKE A CRACK-POT!
!
AH--- WHOSE LIFE AND DEATH, MISS?
WHO ARE YOU?
OH--HEH!--HE'S THE--ER--- HOUSE DETECTIVE!
HOUSE DETECTIVE! PHOOEY! I'LL FINE THEES ANGEL EEF I HAVE TO HAUNT HEEM!
OOP!

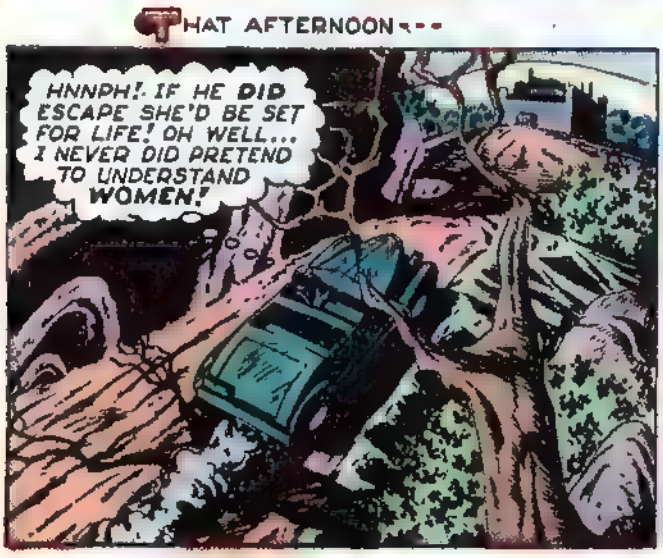

WHO IS SHE?
NEVER SAW THE YOUNG TORNADO BEFORE IN MY LIFE, THANK HEAVENS!--NOW FOR SOME BREAK-FAST--SEE YOU LATER!
MEANWHILE - OUTSIDE THE HOTEL...
FIFTY BUCKS JUST TO MEET THE ANGEL? OKAY-- GET IN THIS CAB AND WAIT!
SI!
DOWNTOWN--- TO THE CARLTON!
YES, SIR!
GLAD I GOT RID OF---
HAH! MEESTER HOUSE DETECTIVE-- ANGEL!
WE'LL GET OUT AND WALK, DRIVER-- HERE!
OKAY, MAC-- THANKS!
NOW-- WOULD YOU MIND GETTING TO THE POINT-- PROVIDING THERE IS ONE?
SI! MY NAME IS CHIQUITA TRANTULA-- I USE TO WORK FOR "BIG TIME" BARTELL-- HE WAS MY BOY FRIEND, AS A MATTER OF FACT--UNTIL---
KEEP OFF
--UNTIL HE WAS SENT UP THE RIVER FOR LIFE? MY ADVICE IS TO FORGET HIM, SIS!
THAT'S JUST IT-- I CANT! --HE'S PLANNING TO BREAK OUT! YOU MUST HELP ME STOP HEEM!

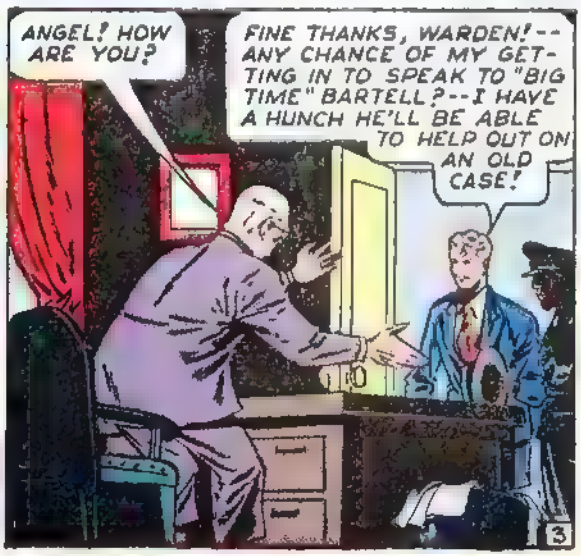

WHY TELL ME? THAT'S UP TO THE POLICE---
NO! MY REASON FOR ASKING YOUR HELP IS TO PREVENT HEE'S GETTING HURT!

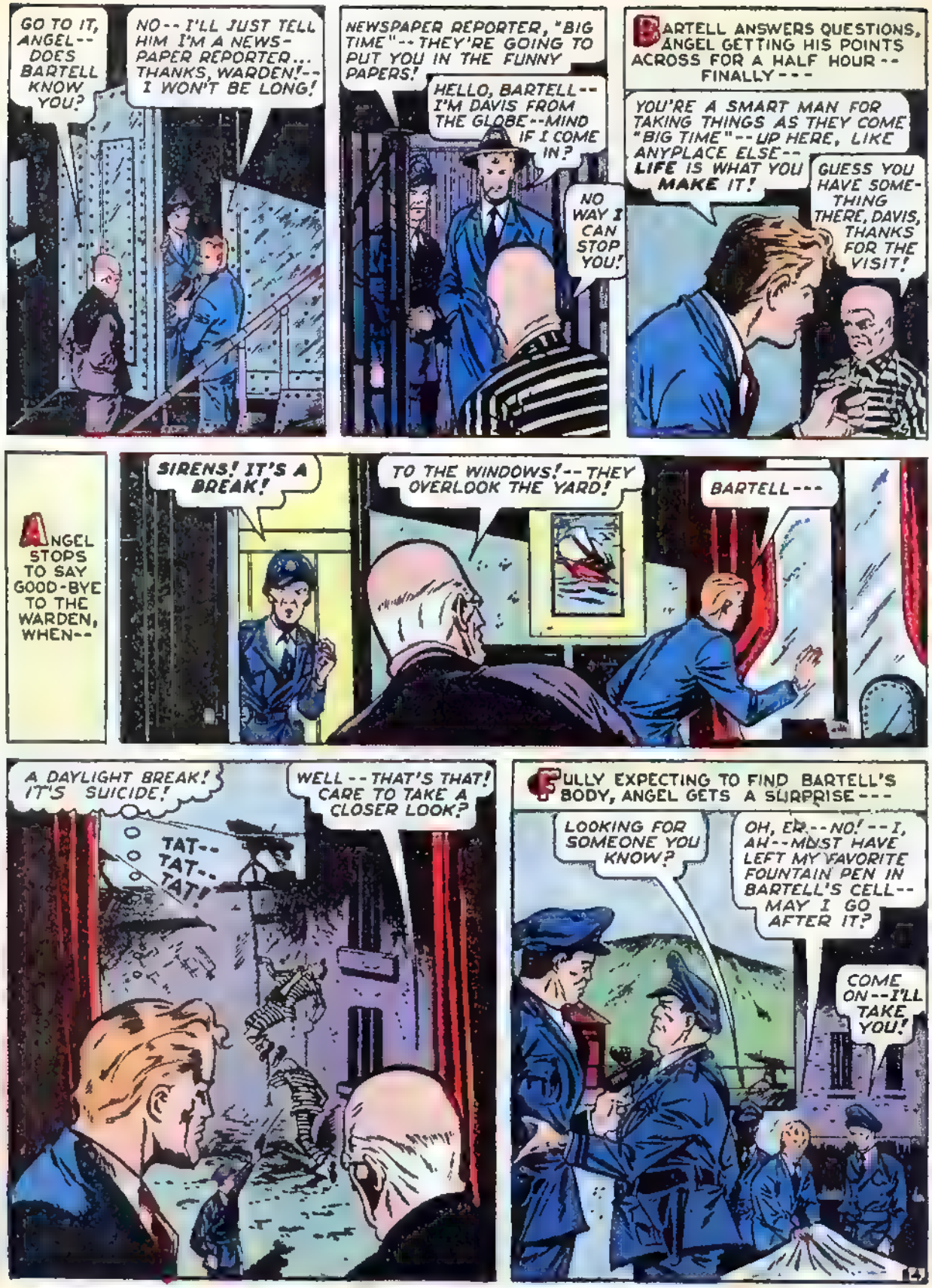

BIG TIME EES NOT YOUNG ENOUGH TO CLIMB WALLS OR SWIM RIVERS! YOU MUST CONVINCE HEEM HEE'S BETTER OFF TO WAIT--FOR JUSTICE! ---HE MIGHT BE KEELED EEF HE TRIED TO ESCAPE!
MMM---YES, THERE'S AN EXCELLENT CHANCE!--BUT TELL ME, HOW DO YOU KNOW ALL THIS?

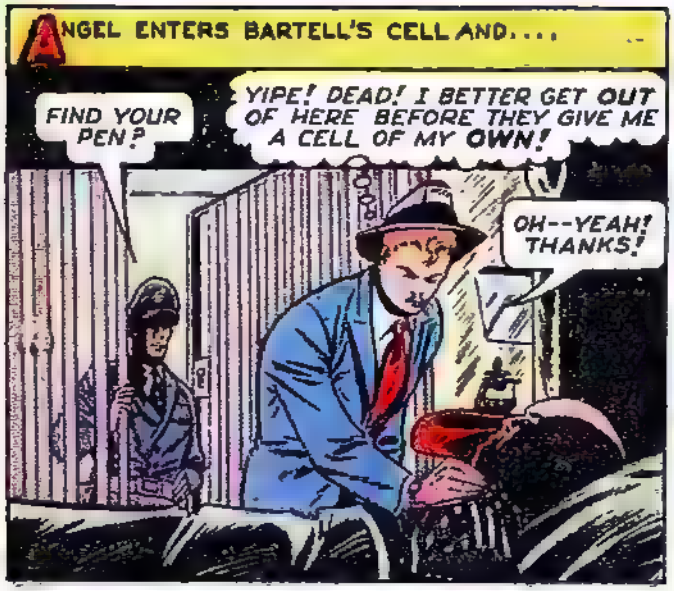

WE CORRESPOND WEETH EACH OTHER--- IN A SPECIAL CODE---I TRIED TO PUT THE IDEA OUT OF HEES HEAD--- BUT HE'S A STUBBORN MAN!
DETERMINED TO BREAK OUT, EH?

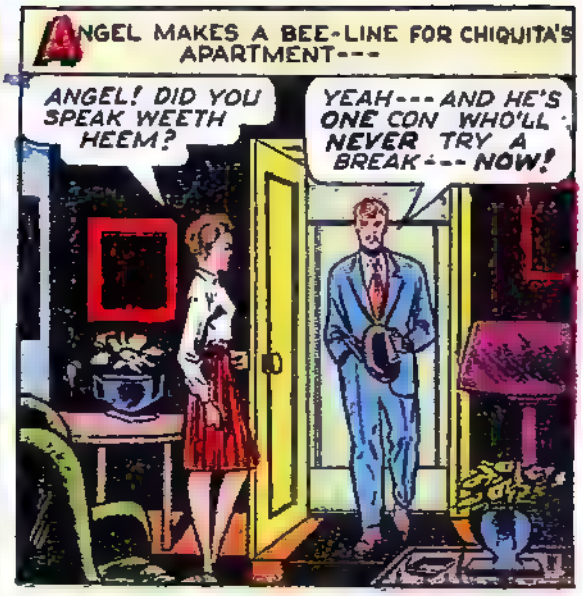

SI! HE HAS A LOT OF MONEY HIDDEN SOMEPLACE--WEETH IT HE THINKS HE COULD FIND PEACE AND FREEDOM--WILL YOU HELP?
OKAY, CHIQUITA--- I'LL DO ALL I CAN!

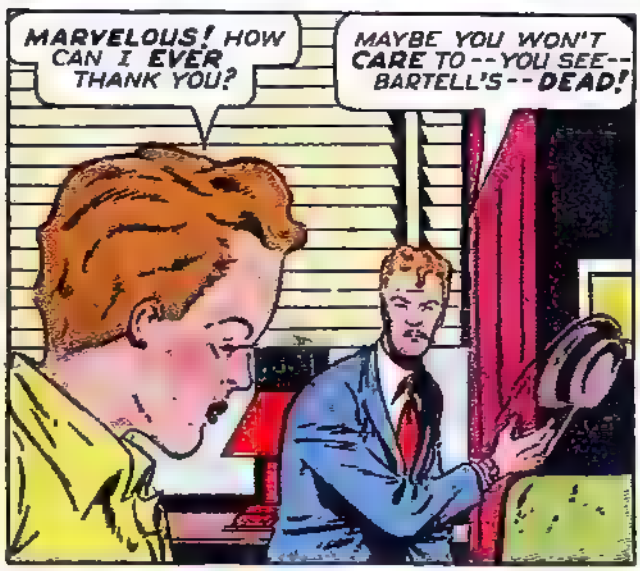

THAT AFTERNOON---
HNNPH! IF HE DID ESCAPE SHE'D BE SET FOR LIFE! OH WELL... I NEVER DID PRETEND TO UNDERSTAND WOMEN!

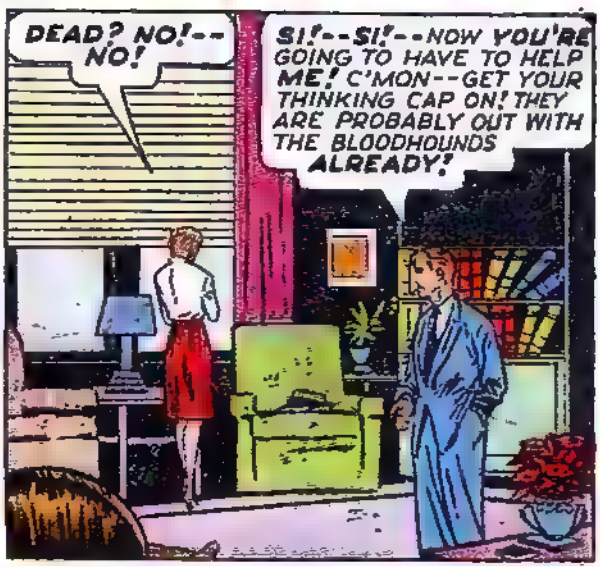

ANGEL! HOW ARE YOU?
FINE THANKS, WARDEN!--ANY CHANCE OF MY GETTING IN TO SPEAK TO "BIG TIME" BARTELL?--I HAVE A HUNCH HE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP OUT ON AN OLD CASE!

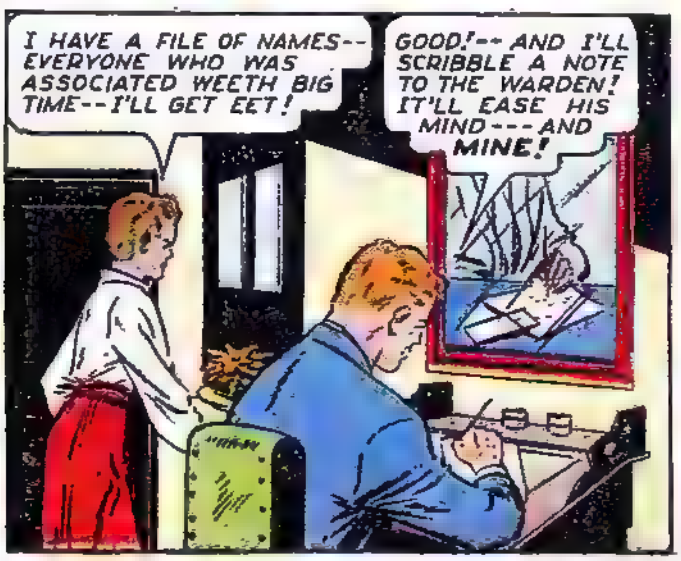

GO TO IT, ANGEL--DOES BARTELL KNOW YOU?
NO--I'LL JUST TELL HIM I'M A NEWSPAPER REPORTER... THANKS, WARDEN!--I WON'T BE LONG!
NEWSPAPER REPORTER, "BIG TIME"--THEY'RE GOING TO PUT YOU IN THE FUNNY PAPERS!
HELLO, BARTELL--I'M DAVIS FROM THE GLOBE--MIND IF I COME IN?
NO WAY I CAN STOP YOU!
BARTELL ANSWERS QUESTIONS, ANGEL GETTING HIS POINTS ACROSS FOR A HALF HOUR--FINALLY---
YOU'RE A SMART MAN FOR TAKING THINGS AS THEY COME "BIG TIME"--UP HERE, LIKE ANYPLACE ELSE--LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT!
GUESS YOU HAVE SOMETHING THERE, DAVIS, THANKS FOR THE VISIT!
ANGEL STOPS TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE WARDEN, WHEN--
SIRENS! IT'S A BREAK!
TO THE WINDOWS!--THEY OVERLOOK THE YARD!
BARTELL---
A DAYLIGHT BREAK! IT'S SUICIDE!
TAT--TAT--TAT!
WELL--THAT'S THAT! CARE TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK?
FULLY EXPECTING TO FIND BARTELL'S BODY, ANGEL GETS A SURPRISE---
LOOKING FOR SOMEONE YOU KNOW?
OH, ER--NO!--I, AH--MUST HAVE LEFT MY FAVORITE FOUNTAIN PEN IN BARTELL'S CELL--MAY I GO AFTER IT?
COME ON--I'LL TAKE YOU!

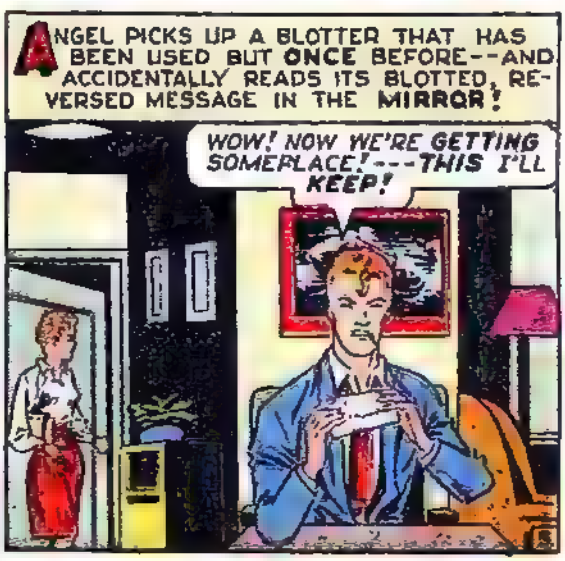

ANGEL ENTERS BARTELL'S CELL AND....
FIND YOUR PEN?
YIPE! DEAD! I BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY GIVE ME A CELL OF MY OWN!
OH--YEAH! THANKS!

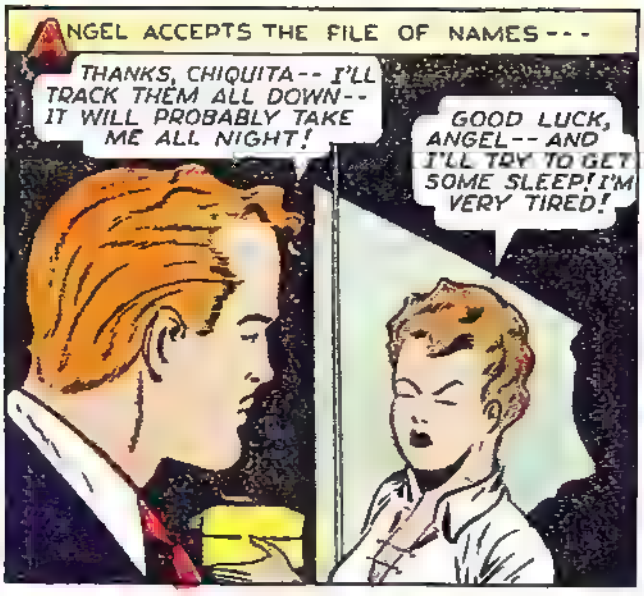

ANGEL MAKES A BEE-LINE FOR CHIQUITA'S APARTMENT---
ANGEL! DID YOU SPEAK WEETH HEEM?
YEAH--- AND HE'S ONE CON WHO'LL NEVER TRY A BREAK--- NOW!

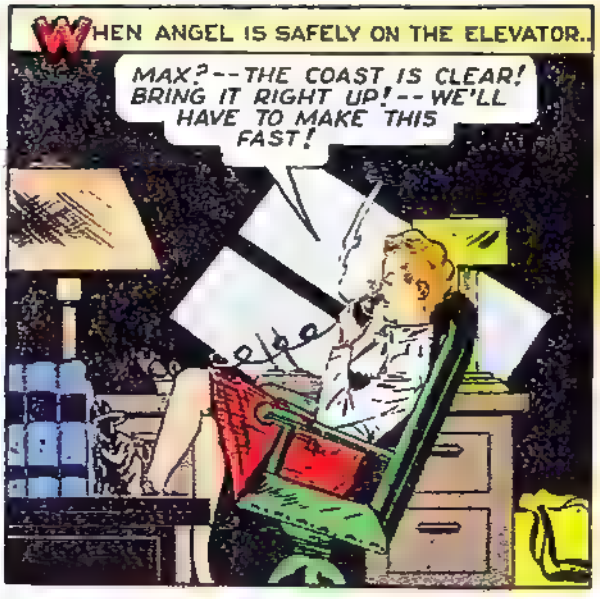

MARVELOUS! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
MAYBE YOU WON'T CARE TO--YOU SEE-- BARTELL'S--DEAD!

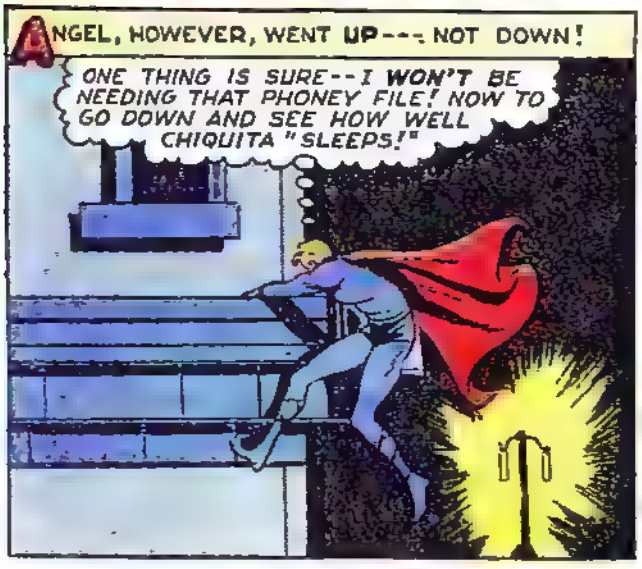

DEAD? NO!-- NO!
SI!--SI!--NOW YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO HELP ME! C'MON--GET YOUR THINKING CAP ON! THEY ARE PROBABLY OUT WITH THE BLOODHOUNDS ALREADY!

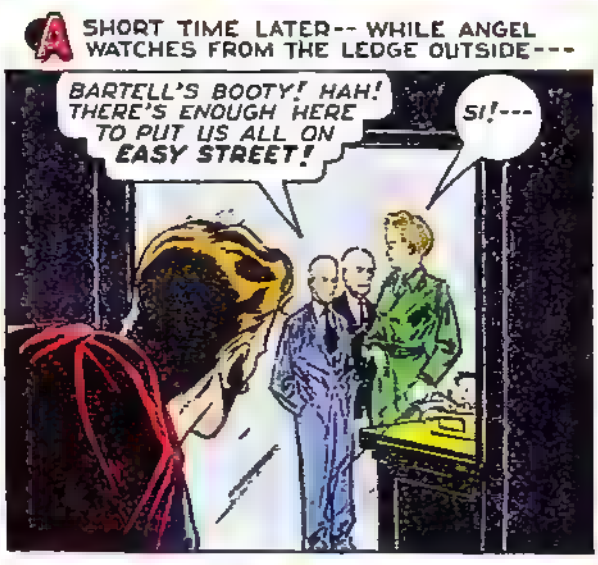

I HAVE A FILE OF NAMES-- EVERYONE WHO WAS ASSOCIATED WEETH BIG TIME--I'LL GET EET!
GOOD!-- AND I'LL SCRIBBLE A NOTE TO THE WARDEN! IT'LL EASE HIS MIND--- AND MINE!

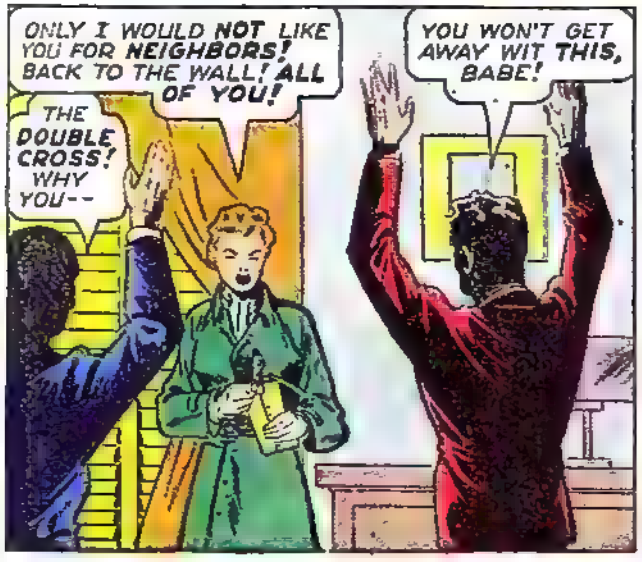

ANGEL PICKS UP A BLOTTER THAT HAS BEEN USED BUT ONCE BEFORE--AND ACCIDENTALLY READS ITS BLOTTED, REVERSED MESSAGE IN THE MIRROR!
WOW! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEPLACE!---THIS I'LL KEEP!

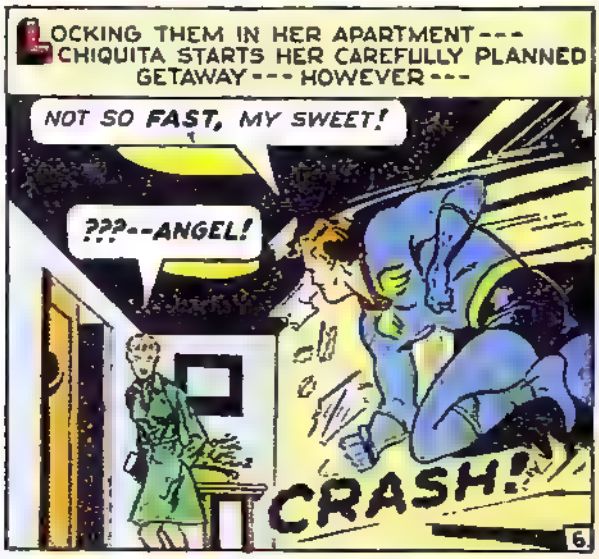

ANGEL ACCEPTS THE FILE OF NAMES---
THANKS, CHIQUITA-- I'LL TRACK THEM ALL DOWN-- IT WILL PROBABLY TAKE ME ALL NIGHT!
GOOD LUCK, ANGEL-- AND I'LL TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP! I'M VERY TIRED!

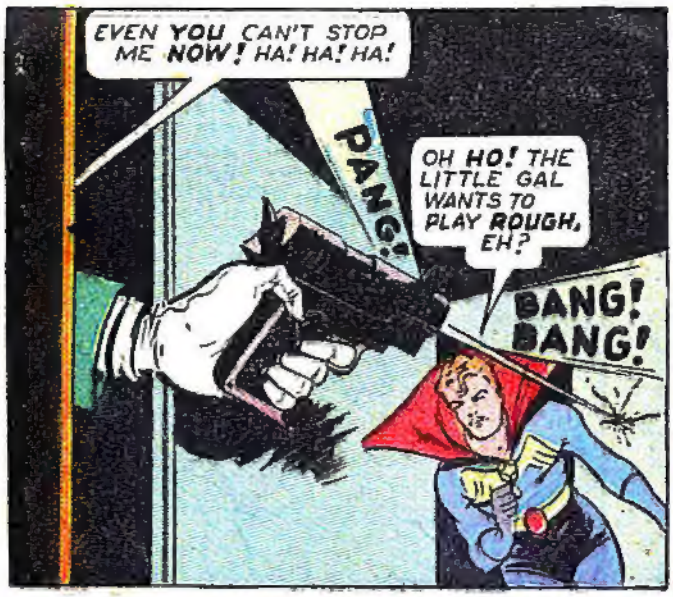

WHEN ANGEL IS SAFELY ON THE ELEVATOR..
MAX?--THE COAST IS CLEAR! BRING IT RIGHT UP!--WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE THIS FAST!

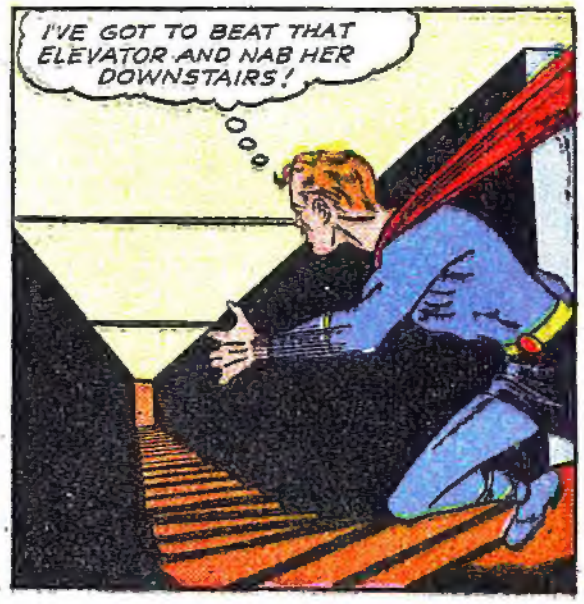

ANGEL, HOWEVER, WENT UP---NOT DOWN!
ONE THING IS SURE--I WON'T BE NEEDING THAT PHONEY FILE! NOW TO GO DOWN AND SEE HOW WELL CHIQUITA "SLEEPS!"

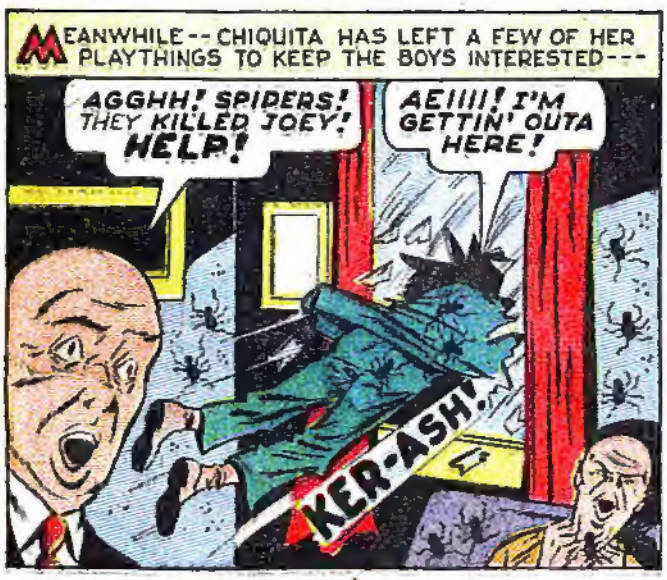

A SHORT TIME LATER-- WHILE ANGEL WATCHES FROM THE LEDGE OUTSIDE---
BARTELL'S BOOTY! HAH! THERE'S ENOUGH HERE TO PUT US ALL ON EASY STREET!
SI!---


ONLY I WOULD NOT LIKE YOU FOR NEIGHBORS! BACK TO THE WALL! ALL OF YOU!
THE DOUBLE CROSS! WHY YOU--
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WIT THIS, BABE!

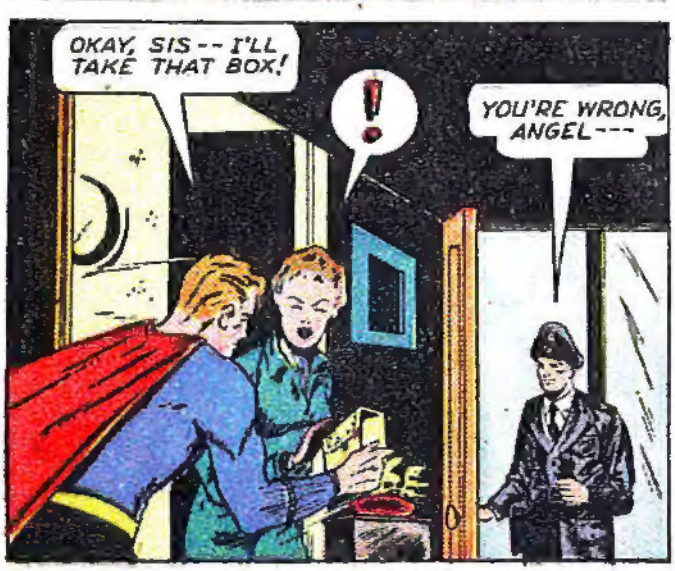

LOCKING THEM IN HER APARTMENT--- CHIQUITA STARTS HER CAREFULLY PLANNED GETAWAY--- HOWEVER---
NOT SO FAST, MY SWEET!
???--ANGEL!
CRASH!

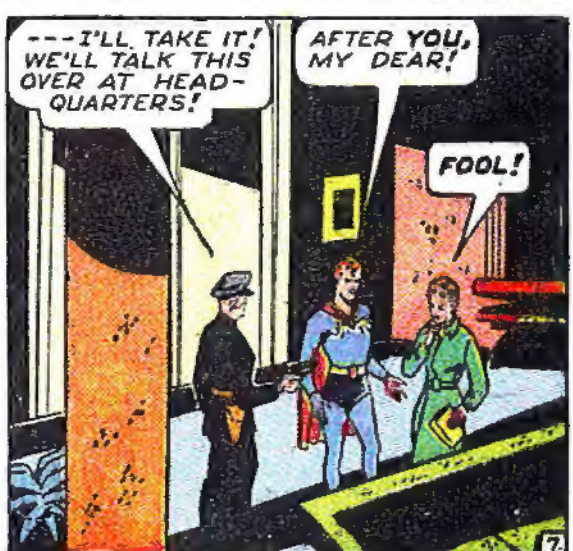

EVEN YOU CAN'T STOP ME NOW! HA! HA! HA!
PANG!
OH HO! THE LITTLE GAL WANTS TO PLAY ROUGH, EH?
BANG! BANG!

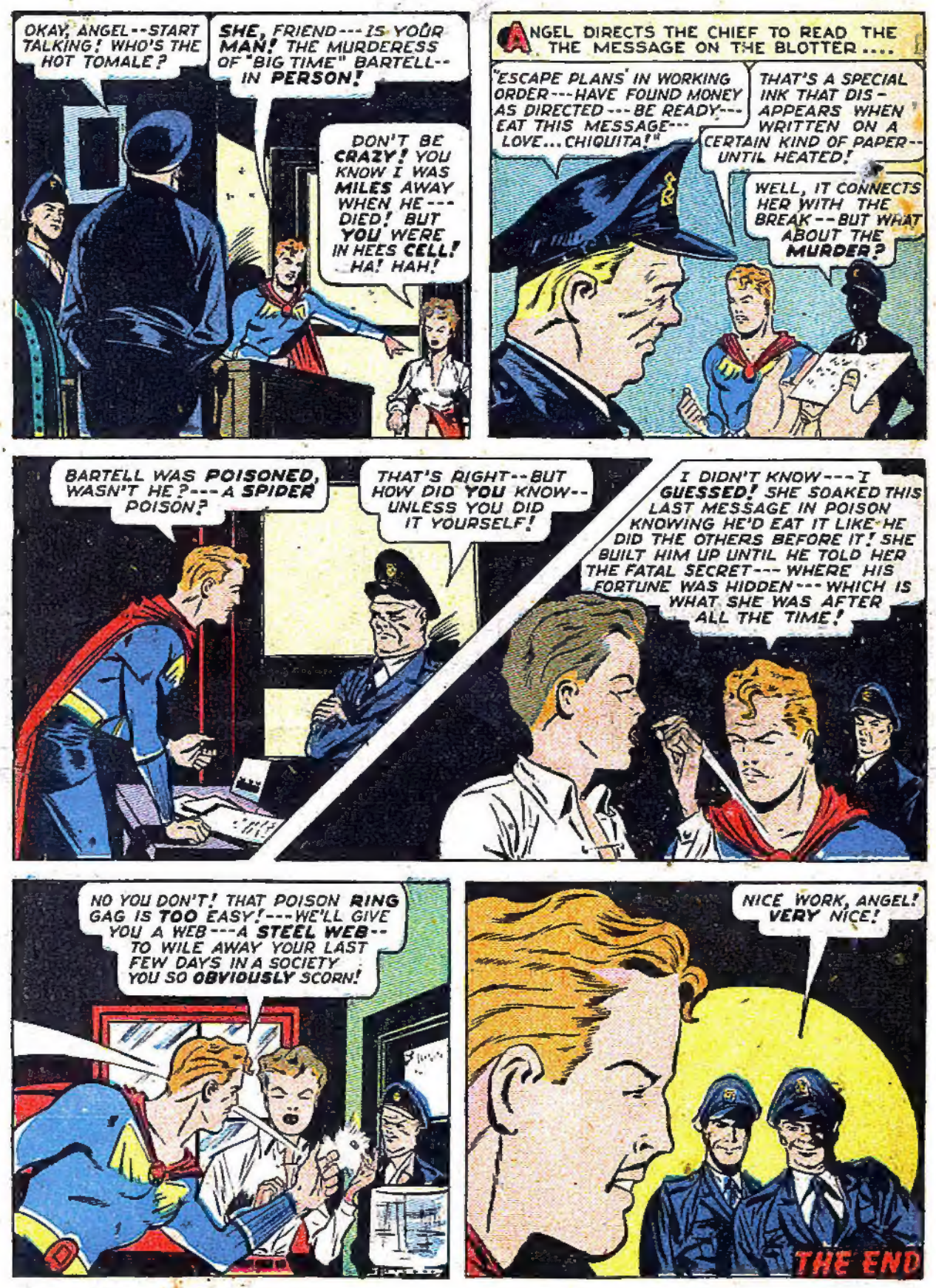

I'VE GOT TO BEAT THAT ELEVATOR AND NAB HER DOWNSTAIRS!
OOO


MEANWHILE--CHIQUITA HAS LEFT A FEW OF HER PLAYTHINGS TO KEEP THE BOYS INTERESTED---
AGGHH! SPIDERS! THEY KILLED JOEY! HELP!
AEIIII! I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!
KER-ASH!

A FEW SECONDS LATER---
I'LL TAKE OVER... GO IN AND INVESTIGATE, GEORGE!
CHECK!


OKAY, SIS--I'LL TAKE THAT BOX!
!
YOU'RE WRONG, ANGEL---


---I'LL TAKE IT! WE'LL TALK THIS OVER AT HEAD-QUARTERS!
AFTER YOU, MY DEAR!
FOOL!


OKAY, ANGEL--START TALKING! WHO'S THE HOT TOMALE?
SHE, FRIEND---IS YOUR MAN! THE MURDERESS OF "BIG TIME" BARTELL--IN PERSON!
DON'T BE CRAZY! YOU KNOW I WAS MILES AWAY WHEN HE---DIED! BUT YOU WERE IN HEES CELL! HA! HAH!
ANGEL DIRECTS THE CHIEF TO READ THE THE MESSAGE ON THE BLOTTER....
"ESCAPE PLANS IN WORKING ORDER---HAVE FOUND MONEY AS DIRECTED---BE READY--- EAT THIS MESSAGE--- LOVE...CHIQUITA!"
THAT'S A SPECIAL INK THAT DIS-APPEARS WHEN WRITTEN ON A CERTAIN KIND OF PAPER--UNTIL HEATED!
WELL, IT CONNECTS HER WITH THE BREAK--BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MURDER?
BARTELL WAS POISONED, WASN'T HE?---A SPIDER POISON?
THAT'S RIGHT--BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW--UNLESS YOU DID IT YOURSELF!
I DIDN'T KNOW---I GUESSED! SHE SOAKED THIS LAST MESSAGE IN POISON KNOWING HE'D EAT IT LIKE HE DID THE OTHERS BEFORE IT! SHE BUILT HIM UP UNTIL HE TOLD HER THE FATAL SECRET---WHERE HIS FORTUNE WAS HIDDEN---WHICH IS WHAT SHE WAS AFTER ALL THE TIME!
NO YOU DON'T! THAT POISON RING GAG IS TOO EASY!---WE'LL GIVE YOU A WEB---A STEEL WEB--TO WILE AWAY YOUR LAST FEW DAYS IN A SOCIETY YOU SO OBVIOUSLY SCORN!
NICE WORK, ANGEL! VERY NICE!
THE END

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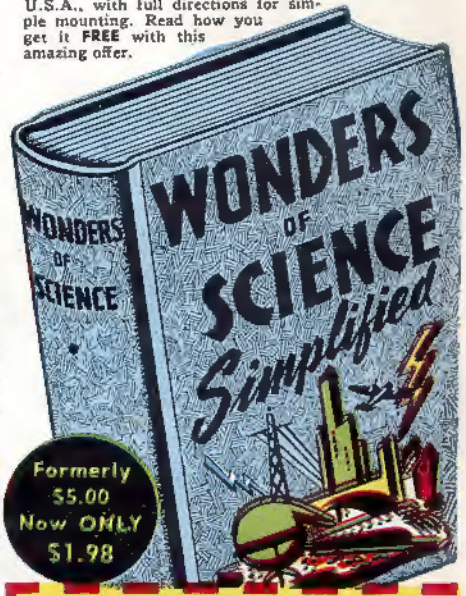

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